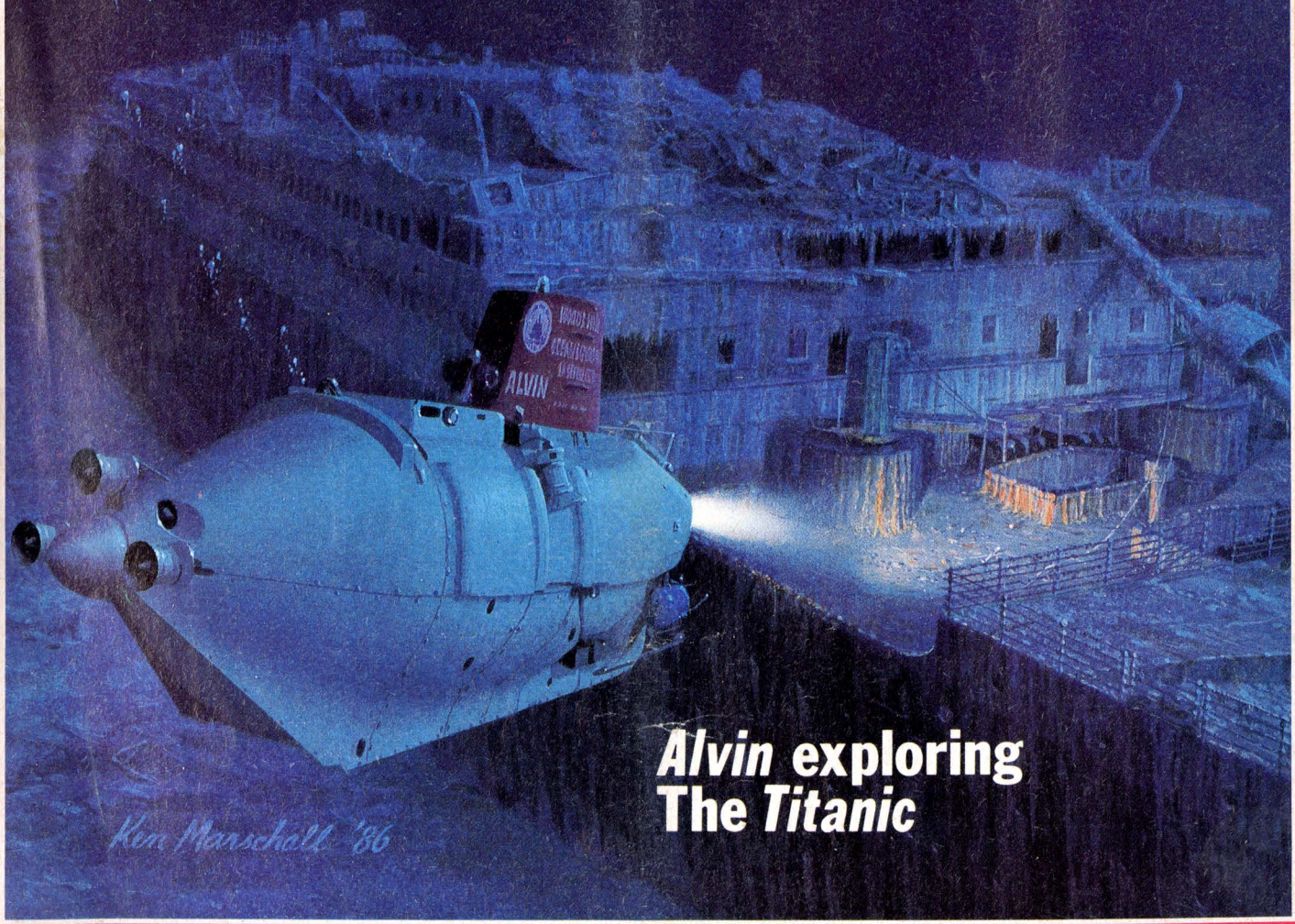
AUGUST 11, 1986 No. 32

TIME

Thailand's Elections

Voyages to the Bottom of the Sea



Alvin exploring The *Titanic*

BANGLADESH Ta35.00
BRUNEI . . . . . B$ 4.50
BURMA . . . . . K 5.00
GUAM $2.25
HONG KONG . . . . HK$ 17.00
INDIA . . . . . Rs 22.00
INDONESIA (VAT Excl) Rp 2200
JAPAN . . . . . ¥ 600
KOREA . . . . . W 1800
MALAYSIA . . . . . M$ 5.00
MALDIVES . . . . . Rf 15.00
NEPAL . . . . . Rs 25.00
PAKISTAN . . . . . Rs 22.00
PHILIPPINES P30.00
SAIPAN $2.25
SINGAPORE . . . . . S$4.50
SRI LANKA . . . . . Rs 40.00
TAIWAN . . . . . NT$ 90
THAILAND B60
U.S. ARMED FORCES . . $2.25

Letters

Deciding Morality

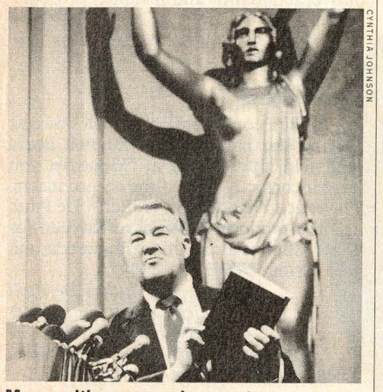
To the Editors:

Are we such a spineless nation that we must use the First Amendment as a shield to protect hard-core pornography [July 21]? From this safe retreat, every form of filth can then be freely spewed upon the rest of society. I doubt that the Founding Fathers had any such thought in mind when they created this amendment.

Lawrence C. Lemmon
Arlington, Va.

Why is everyone trying to shove his sense of morality down my throat? To Attorney General Edwin Meese I say, stay out of my library. To the Supreme Court I say, stay out of my bedroom. Is this too much to ask?

Jeanne Ayers
Guilford, Conn.


CYNTHIA JOHNSON

Meese with pornography report

The title and text of your story "Sex Busters" misrepresent the Attorney General's commission on pornography. The group rejected censorship and submitted to existing Supreme Court guidelines defining illegal obscenity. It found only child pornography and violent and degrading pornography harmful. Nonviolent, nondegrading (although sexually explicit) pornography and nudity did not fall in this category. I commend the commission for educating the public and recommending ways, consistent with constitutional guarantees, to contain the spread of hard-core pornography.

Jerry Kirk, President
National Coalition Against Pornography
Cincinnati

Everyone should abhor violence toward women and children. But the notion that pornography leads to violence is questionable. Attorney General Meese and his commission have seized on pornography as their great crusade. Rather, they should be concentrating on such matters as illiteracy, unemployment and urban decay, each of which in its own insidious way leads more to violence against women and children than does pornography. Pornography is an easy target, and attacking it is a cheap shot, an action that somehow lends legitimacy and credence to other aspects of the Reagan Administration's agenda.

Fred A. Glienna
South Pasadena, Calif.

Your photograph of Attorney General Meese accepting the pornography report in front of the *Spirit of Justice*, with her breast and navel exposed, is a classic. The new puritans must be busy crocheting fig leaves.

Charles Sarell
Boynton Beach, Fla.

Hanging in Malaysia

The American justice system should take a lesson from Malaysia, which hanged two Australian drug traffickers in Kuala Lumpur [July 21]. Heroin is a loaded weapon, and deaths resulting from the sale of it should be called exactly what they are: murder in the first degree.

Henry W. Dunn
Atlantis, Fla.

Malaysian Prime Minister Mahathir Mohamad is to be commended for not bowing to international pressure and granting clemency to the two Australian heroin smugglers. I was amazed that Western leaders raised a fuss over the hangings. If more governments would take the no-nonsense approach in combatting the drug trade, pushers would think twice before engaging in their activities. In the end, the two Australians got exactly what they were selling: death.

Lawrence H. Klepinger
Tokyo

ANZUS Rift

Your report on the U.S. move to break the ANZUS alliance with New Zealand [July 7] because this country will not allow nuclear-powered or nuclear-armed ships to dock misinterprets the treaty. You refer to the "guaranteed defense of New Zealand in the event of attack." But the ANZUS agreement contains no such "guarantee." Article 4 states that in case of attack, the parties shall "act to meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional processes." And Article 3 only requires the parties to "consult together" whenever security is threatened. There is no "guaranteed defense" against nuclear war. Our only hope is prevention.

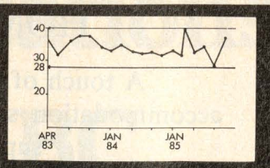
Bob Zuur
Hamilton, New Zealand

TIME *regrets the error.*

Mixed Harvest

In your article "Amber Waves of Strain" [July 21], you say that "during fiscal 1986 the expense to taxpayers for sup-

28 to 40%
on every investment



Every one of our clients earned 28 to 40% annualized on each investment, over the past 2½ years.

We pool the funds of individual investors to form syndicates of at least $500,000. Large enough for diversification and security. Large enough to attract the best money managers at leading U.S. brokerage firms.

Trading on the American securities market, they manage the growth of each syndicate. Constantly monitoring price movements, to identify precise entry and exit points. Ensuring profitable transactions in rising as well as falling markets.

And the risks? Our track record since the programme began 2½ years ago speaks for itself.

You can join our next syndicate with as little as $10,000.

Send for a free brochure with detailed information, now.

First Overseas Investment Services Square de Meeûs 35, 1040 Brussels, Belgium.

Post the coupon for a free brochure.

Name

Address:

Telephone (home):

Telephone (office):

Telex:

Your maximum investment would be
☐ $10,000 ☐ $20,000 ☐ $30,000
☐ $40,000 ☐ $50,000 ☐ above

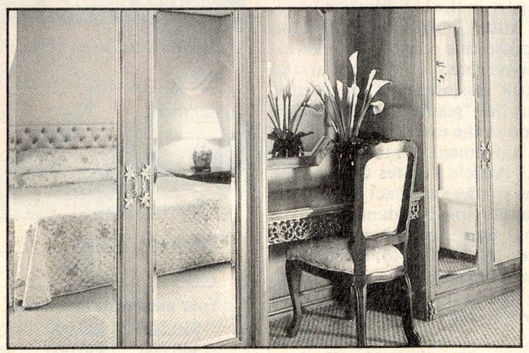
FIRST OVERSEAS INVESTMENT SERVICES LTD

11/8 Transmission Office T.MSH
Square de Meeûs 35, 1040 Brussels, Belgium - Telephone 02-512 59 80
Telex 62403 fois b - Telefax 02-513 98 93

SOMETHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT

A touch of traditon, comfortable accommodation superior dining topped with superb service...

GLORIA HOTEL...A Little Elegance in Taipei.



TAIPEI 華泰大飯店 GLORIA HOTEL

369 Linsen North Road, Taipei, Taiwan, R.O.C.
TEL:(02)581-8111 FAX:(02)5815811
Telex:11192 GLORIATEL

Letters

porting farm programs will reach, according to the Government's estimates, $24 billion." You are looking at this surplus with the wrong attitude. That $24 billion will not amount to a hiccup in a hurricane alongside the cost of food to the taxpayers if there were no surplus. The taxpayer is not subsidizing the farmer. It is the farmer who is paying and paying dearly with his home, farm and often his life so that Americans can have cheap food and buy their pleasure boats and new cars.

Jack Kenning
Rochester, Minn.

Your pictures of the lush farm in the Midwest and the drought-ravaged field in North Carolina remind me of Shakespeare's famous line, "They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing." It is sad that with all our technical know-how, we are still unable to solve the persistent agricultural problems of overabundance and insufficient yield.

Betty Greene
Bethlehem, Pa.

Credit Check

In the People item on Farrah Fawcett playing the part of Nazi Hunter Beate Klarsfeld [July 14] in a TV movie, you have incorrectly named the co-producers. The executive producer is Judith De Paul, and the producer is William Kayden for Silver Chalice Productions in association with Orion TV.

Judith De Paul
Chief Executive Producer
Silver Chalice Productions
London

TIME *regrets the error.*

Moscow's Games

For those of us who are more than fair-weather sports fans, the Goodwill Games [July 21] were a treat, even though they did not enchant the press or the general viewing audience. The athletes performed at high levels of skill, and television coverage was thorough, without the unbearable commentators and commercials that viewers had to endure in the Los Angeles Olympics. If these games aid the cause of world peace, so much the better.

Marko Velikonja
Bellevue, Wash.

It is pitiful that the U.S. athletes are such graceless losers. They should have been given special awards—boxes of handkerchiefs. This country is becoming a nation of crybabies.

Leo Justin
Houston

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to:
TIME-LIFE News Service
P.O. Box 884
GPO
Hong Kong
Letters must include writer's full name, address and home telephone, and may be edited for clarity or space.

Place your Overseas Deposits in key locations.

It's as easy as ABC.

Citibank Asian Banking Center.

Citibank has established Asian Banking Centers in Singapore, Hong Kong, San Francisco, Guam, USA and Canada. There is no tax withholding (except for Canadian dollars placed in Canada) and free flow of funds.

Asian Banking Center was created to help individuals and businesses diversify their assets and to look after their particular financial needs.

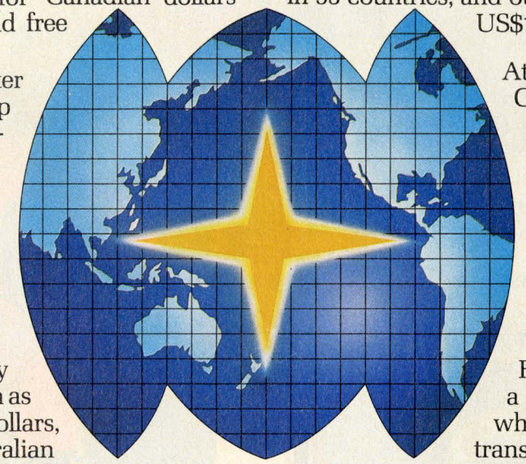
A whole new world of financial opportunities.

You can deposit in any major currency... such as US dollars, Canadian dollars, Japanese Yen, Australian dollars, Deutschemarks, Sterling pounds, and New Zealand dollars, with a range of maturity periods and auto-renewal facility.

You can invest in precious metals and arrange for credit facilities, foreign exchange and remittances to any part of the world.

Backed by the world's leading bank.

Citibank has more than 80 years' experience in Asia. We have 2600 branches and offices in 95 countries, and our total assets exceed US$175 billion.



At Asian Banking Center, you can make use of Citibank's financial expertise worldwide.

Confidential investment officers.

Your Personal Financial Officer is a skilled professional who will handle all your transactions and tailor specific financial packages for you with the utmost discretion.

Find out how easy it is to open an account with Citibank. Just call us on any of the private numbers listed below.

CITIBANK
The world's leading bank

Asian Banking Center:

- **Singapore:** 1 Shenton Way, Singapore 0106. **Tel: 224-5757.** Telex: RS22462 CITABC or 268 Orchard Road, Yen San Building, Singapore 0923. **Tel: 732-2288.** Telex: RS37446 CITABC.
- **Hong Kong:** Lee Gardens, 37 Hysan Avenue, Causeway Bay, Hong Kong. **Tel: 5-761390.** Telex: 73243 FNCB.
- **San Francisco:** Citicorp Center, 24F, One Sansome Street, San Francisco CA 94104, USA. **Tel: (415) 627-6495.** Telex: 278374 CTBK UR.
- **Guam, USA:** Citibank NA, 402 Marine Drive, PO Box FF, Agana, Guam 96910. **Tel: (671) 477-9881 thru 8.** Telex: 7216159 CITIBK.
- **Canada: Toronto:** 463 Dundas Street West Toronto, Ontario, M5T 1G8 Canada. **Tel: (416) 977-7272.** Telex: 06-23626 or **Vancouver:** 612 Main Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6A 2V3 Canada. **Tel: (604) 682-7373.** Telex: 04-508367.

For more information, simply fill in the coupon or attach a name card and mail to the location of your choice. (All correspondence will be treated in the strictest confidence.)

TIME/11/8/86

Name

Address

Country Tel:

Who brings the world's toughest business questions down to earth?

No business is immune to tough questions. And whether the questions involve designing a desktop computer, or building the world's largest containership, there's one company that can handle them all. Daewoo.

Daewoo consistently proves its expertise in a wide range of areas: from high-tech electronics to state-of-the-art engineering, from industrial machinery to telecommunications, from shipbuilding to automaking.

So, if you've got a tough business question, get the answer. Telex DAEWOO K23341-4, or write C.P.O. Box 2810 or 8269, Seoul, Korea.

DAEWOO

WHO? DAEWOO

THAT'S WHO!

WHERE
THE WORLDS OF EAST AND WEST MEET

IMPERIAL HOTEL

The travellers' choice in Taipei. Where the worlds of Oriental hospitality and Western convenience blend to create the magic of the Imperial Hotel.

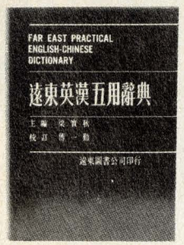
* A fully equipped health center with sauna * Four restaurants, including delicious Cantonese and Japanese cuisines * Conference and banquet facilities that can accommodate more than 500 guests * Remodeled guest rooms sporting a fresh ambiance and a host of amenities * Beauty salon and barber shop services

華國大飯店
IMPERIAL HOTEL
TAIPEI TAIWAN

600 Lin Shen North Road, Taipei, Taiwan, R.O.C.
Tel: 596-5111, 596-3333 Cable: "IMPTEL" Taipei
Telex: 11382, 11730 IMPTEL

U.S.A. WORLD WIDE HOTEL RESERVATIONS
Uell International

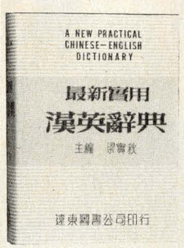
A Good Dictionary Is a Good Friend



遠東英漢五用辭典

FAR EAST PRACTICAL ENGLISH-CHINESE DICTIONARY

--The newest, most practical, most useful dictionary of its kind—over 1,500 pages, 120,000 entries
--Copious contents, precise definitions, and clear examples of usage include new words, slang, and grammatical terms.
--The perfect tool for learners, writers, and translators. The ultimate dictionary for all purposes!



最新實用漢英辭典

A NEW PRACTICAL CHINESE-ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Contains 7,331 Chinese characters, 100,000 entries.
Four different indices provide a sure and ready reference.
--Definitions in simple English facilitate comprehension and application.
--Three different pronunciation guides make for the utmost convenience: Mandarin Phonetic Symbols, the Wade system of Romanization, and Kwoyeu Romatzyh

遠東新時代英漢辭典

FAR EAST NEW EPOCH ENGLISH-CHINESE DICTIONARY AN INDISPENSABLE REFERENCE BOOK WITH

--1,440 page and about 80,000 entries.
--500 illustrations,
--numerous idiomatic expressions and illustrative sentences,
--labeling of countable and uncountable nouns, and
--plenty of useful word studies.

遠東常用英漢辭典

FAR EAST EVERYDAY ENGLISH-CHINESE DICTIONARY

Big in contents (over 100,000 entries), small in size (pocket book format, only 10 ounces in weight).
With more words than any other dictionary of its size, this is the ideal reference work for reading and self-improvement both at home and on the road.

遠東圖書公司
FAR EAST BOOK CO., LTD.

For Further Information, Please Contact:
HK Office: G.P.O. Box 4892, HK
TEL: H-776594
Head Office: 10F. 66-1 Chungking S. Rd., Section 1, Taipei, Taiwan, R.O.C.

TIME

Founders: BRITON HADDEN 1898-1929 HENRY R. LUCE 1898-1967

Editor-in-Chief: Henry Anatole Grunwald
President: J. Richard Munro
Chairman of the Board: Ralph P. Davidson
Corporate Editor: Ray Cave

MAGAZINE GROUP
President: Kelso F. Sutton
Chairman: John A. Meyers
Group Publishers: S. Christopher Meigher III, Robert L. Miller

MANAGING EDITOR: Jason McManus
EXECUTIVE EDITORS: Edward L. Jamieson, Ronald Kriss
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS: Richard Duncan, John Elson, Henry Muller

TIME INTERNATIONAL
EDITOR: Karsten Prager
Senior Editors: David Brand, Donald Morrison
Chief of Research: Victoria Salès
Senior Writer: Frederick Painton
Associate Editors: Marguerite Johnson, Jay D. Palmer, J.D. Reed, Thomas A. Sancton
Staff Writers: Edward W. Desmond, Lloyd Garrison, Susan Tifft
Reporter-Researchers: Oscar Chiang, Jeanne-Marie North (Senior Staff); Robert I. Burger, Howard G. Chua-Eoan, Nancy R. Gibbs, Lois Gilman, Emily Mitchell, Adrianne Jucius Navon
Art: Arthur Hochstein, Barbara Wilhelm (Assistant Directors)
Photography: Julia Richer (Assistant Editor)
Makeup: Eugene F. Coyle (Chief), Leonard Schulman, Peter J. McGullam

SCIENCES EDITOR: Leon Jaroff
ADMINISTRATIVE EDITOR: Leah Shanks Gordon
SENIOR EDITORS: Charles P. Alexander, Martha Duffy, William F. Ewald, José M. Ferrer III, Russ Hoyle, Walter Isaacson, Stefan Kanfer, Christopher Porterfield, George M. Taber, Robert T. Zintl
ART DIRECTOR: Rudolph Hoglund
CHIEF OF RESEARCH: Betty Satterwhite Sutter
OPERATIONS DIRECTOR: Gérard C. Lelièvre
PICTURE EDITOR: Arnold H. Drapkin
SENIOR WRITERS: Ezra Bowen, George J. Church, Gerald Clarke, Richard Corliss, Otto Friedrich, Paul Gray, Robert Hughes, John Leo, Ed Magnuson, Lance Morrow, Roger Rosenblatt, R.Z. Sheppard, William E. Smith, Frank Trippett
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Kurt Andersen, Patricia Blake, Tom Callahan, John S. DeMott, William R. Doerner, John Greenwald, William A. Henry III, Gregory Jaynes, James Kelly, Richard N. Ostling, Sue Raffety, George Russell, Evan Thomas, Anastasia Toufexis, Claudia Wallis, Michael Walsh
STAFF WRITERS: Janice Castro, Philip Elmer-DeWitt, Guy D. Garcia, Pico Iyer, Stephen Koepp, Richard Lacayo, Jacob V. Lamar Jr., Sara C. Medina, John Moody, Jamie Murphy, Barbara Rudolph, Michael S. Serrill, Jill Smolowe, Richard Stengel, Amy Wilentz, Richard Zoglin
CONTRIBUTORS: Jay Cocks, Thomas Griffith, Charles Krauthammer, Melvin Maddocks, Jane O'Reilly, Kenneth M. Pierce, Richard Schickel, Mimi Sheraton, John Skow
REPORTER-RESEARCHERS: Rosemary Byrnes, Ursula Nadasdy de Gallo, Brigid O'Hara-Forster (Department Heads); Audrey Ball, Bernard Baumohl, Peggy T. Berman, Val Castronovo, Nancy McD. Chase, Elaine Dutka, Georgia Harbison, Michael P. Harris, Anne Hopkins, Naushad S. Mehta, Nancy Newman, Susan M. Reed, Elizabeth Rudulph, Alain L. Sanders, Zona Sparks, William Tynan, Susanne Washburn (Senior Staff); Wilmer Ames Jr., David Bjerklie, Kathleen Brady, Sally B. Donnelly, Andrea Dorfman, Helen Sen Doyle, David Ellis, Kathryn Jackson Fallon, Mary McC. Fernandez, Cassie T. Furgurson, John Edward Gallagher, Edward M. Gomez, Christine Gorman, Rodman Griffin, Janice M. Horowitz, Jeanette Isaac, Carol A. Johmann, Sinting Lai, JoAnn Lum, Katherine Mihok, Lawrence Mondi, Christine Morgan, Jeannie Park, Barry Rehfeld, Andrea Sachs, David E. Thigpen, Sidney Urquhart, Jane Van Tassel, Leslie Whitaker, Linda Williams, Linda Young
ADMINISTRATION: Daniel M. Rubin, Donald Sweet
CORRESPONDENTS: Henry Muller (Chief); B. William Mader, John F. Stacks (Deputies)
Washington Contributing Editor: Hugh Sidey **National Political Correspondent:** Laurence I. Barrett
Senior Correspondents: Benjamin W. Cate, Frederick Ungeheuer
Washington: Strobe Talbott, Ann Blackman, David Aikman, David Beckwith, Gisela Bolte, Jay Branegan, Ricardo Chavira, Anne Constable, Patricia Delaney, Michael Duffy, Hays Gorey, David Halevy, Jerry Hannifin, Neil MacNeil, Johanna McGeary, Barrett Seaman, Alessandra Stanley, Dick Thompson, Bruce van Voorst, John E. Yang **New York:** Bonnie Angelo, Joseph N. Boyce, Cathy Booth, Dean Brelis, Sandra Burton, Thomas McCarroll, Raji Samghabadi, Wayne Svoboda **Boston:** Robert Ajemian, Joelle Attinger, Lawrence Malkin **Chicago:** Jack E. White, Barbara Dolan, Lee Griggs, J. Madeleine Nash, Elizabeth Taylor **Detroit:** William J. Mitchell **Atlanta:** Joseph J. Kane, B. Russell Leavitt, Don Winbush **Houston:** David S. Jackson **Miami:** Marcia Gauger **Los Angeles:** Dan Goodgame, Jonathan Beaty, Jon D. Hull, Melissa Ludtke, Michael Riley, Richard Woodbury, Denise Worrell **San Francisco:** Paul A. Witteman, Cristina Garcia
Europe: Christopher Redman **London:** Christopher Ogden, Mary Cronin, Steven Holmes, William Rademaekers, Frank Melville **Paris:** Jordan Bonfante, B.J. Phillips, Adam Zagorin **Bonn:** William McWhirter, John Kohan **Rome:** Erik Amfitheatrof, Sam Allis, Wilton Wynn **Eastern Europe:** Kenneth W. Banta **Moscow:** James O. Jackson **Jerusalem:** Roland Flamini, Marlin Levin, Robert Slater **Middle East:** Dean Fischer **Cairo:** John Borrell **Bahrain:** Barry Hillenbrand **Nairobi:** James Wilde **Johannesburg:** Bruce W. Nelan, Peter Hawthorne **New Delhi:** Ross H. Munro, K.K. Sharma **Bangkok:** James Willwerth **Peking:** Richard Hornik **Hong Kong:** William Stewart, Bing W. Wong **Tokyo:** Edwin M. Reingold, S. Chang, Yukinori Ishikawa **Melbourne:** John Dunn **Ottawa:** Peter Stoler, John M. Scott **Caribbean:** Bernard Diederich **Mexico City:** Harry Kelly **Managua:** Laura López **Rio de Janeiro:** Gavin Scott
Administration: Suzanne Davis, Emily Friedrich, Demetra Kosters, Susan Lynd **News Desks:** Frances Fiorino, Jacalyn McConnell, David Richardson, Susanna Mary Schrobsdorff, Pamela H. Thompson, Diana Tollerson, Ann Drury Wellford, Jean R. White, Arturo Yáñez
ART: Nigel Holmes (Executive Director); Dorothy D. Chapman, Anthony J. Libardi, Irene Ramp (Deputies); Renée Klein, Leonard S. Levine, Billy Powers (Assistant Directors); Carol March (Designer); Nicholas Kalamaras **Layout:** Steve Conley (Chief); John P. Dowd (Deputy); Angel Ackemyer, Joseph Aslaender, David Drapkin, James Elsis, Jay Petrow, Nomi Silverman, Kenneth Smith, Eugene Tick **Maps and Charts:** Paul J. Pugliese (Chief); Joe Lertola, E. Noel McCoy, Nino Telak, Deborah L. Wells
Special Projects: Tom Bentkowski
PHOTOGRAPHY: Michele Stephenson (Deputy); Peter J. Kellner, Rose Keyser (Assistant Editors); Linda D. Vartoogian, Helen Eisenberg (Administration); Carmine Ercolano (Operations) **Researchers:** Dorothy Alfa, Richard L. Boeth, Anne Callahan, MaryAnne Golon, Paula Hornak Kellner, Gary Roberts, Carol Saner, Nancy Smith-Alam, Robert B. Stevens, Mary Thermo **Photographers:** Eddie Adams, Walter Bennett, William Campbell, Sahm Doherty, Michael Evans, Rudi Frey, Dirck Halstead, Peter Jordan, Shelly Katz, David Hume Kennerly, Neil Leifer, Ben Martin, Harry Mattison, Mark Meyer, Ralph Morse, Robin Moyer, Carl Mydans, James Nachtwey, Matthew Naythons, Stephen Northup, Bill Pierce, David Rubinger, Antonio Suarez, Ted Thai, Diana Walker
MAKEUP: Charlotte J. Quiggle (Chief)
OPERATIONS: Sue Aitkin (Deputy Director); Susan L. Blair (Copy Chief); Stephen F. Demeter (Systems Manager); Gail Music (Production Manager); Judith Anne Paul, Joseph J. Scafidi, Shirley Barden Zimmerman (Deputies); Trang Ba Chuong, Suzi Romanik, L. Rufino-Armstrong, Lee R. Sparks (Supervisors); Ted Alban, Frances Bander, Robert L. Becker, Minda Bikman, Robert Braine, Bruce Christopher Carr, Silvia Castañeda Contreras, Barbara Collier, Kenneth Collura, Barbara Dudley Davis, Jonathan Elukin, Osmar Escalona, Dora Fairchild, Sally George, Evelyn Hannon, Garry Hearne, Judith Kales, Theresa Kelliher, Kevin Kelly, Claire Knopf, Jeannine Laverty, Marcia L. Love, Janet L. Lugo, Peter K. Niceberg, Linda Parker, Maria A. Paul, Lois Rubenstein, Megan Rutherford, Judy Sandra, Ricki Tarlow, Lamarr Tsufura, Maitena Z. Viani, Jill Ward, Amelia Weiss
LETTERS: Joan D. Walsh (Chief); Amy Musher (Deputy)
EDITORIAL SERVICES: Christiana Walford (Director); Peter J. Christopoulos, Benjamin Lightman, David E. Trevorrow, Beth Bencini Zarcone

PUBLISHER: Richard B. Thomas
General Manager: Barbara M. Mrkonic
Public Affairs Director: Steve Cohen
Promotion Director: Katherine R. Erskine
Circulation Director: Elizabeth P. Valk
Business Manager: Allen M. Barr
Director of Administration: Rose L. Epstein
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER—ADV. SALES DIRECTOR: John J. Crowley Jr.
Associate International Director: Jeffrey D. Dunn
International Advertising Sales Director: Marc M. Weinberger
Asia Publishing Director: David McAuliffe
International Circulation Director: Barry R. Meinerth
Asia Circulation Director: Charles P. Alejandre
International Business Manager: Ludwig W. Salm
ASIA MANAGING DIRECTOR: Hidehiko Kido

Discover gold

The new Minolta 5000 Autofocus SLR.
It makes photographic magic happen so easily, so quickly.

Each day of your life, hundreds of photographic opportunities occur. Magic moments that unexpectedly happen and are gone forever in the blink of an eye. The Minolta 5000 is a sensational new autofocus SLR that won't let you miss the times when life moves a little too fast. When there's no time to make camera settings. Or focus. Or advance the film. Because the Minolta 5000 Autofocus SLR snaps the image you see in sharp focus, adjusts for lighting, then takes the picture in a split-second. You'll always get sharp pictures because this camera won't shoot unless the picture is sharp. And you're always ready to take the next picture because the film is automatically advanced after each picture you take. Best of all, the new Minolta 5000 Autofocus SLR makes this all happen so easily, so quickly and so precisely that it'll change the way you used to think about SLRs—and maybe even about photography itself.

The Popular Hi-Tech Autofocus SLR

5000

MINOLTA

AUGUST 11, 1986

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. 128 No. 6

ELECTION: 6
tion politics again

clusive result points toward a
nise Prime Minister. ▸ Ethnic vio-
pts in India. ▸ China's Tangshan
h the rubble. *See* ASIA/PACIFIC.

ers **41 Art**
49 People
c **50 Essay**
e **52 Cinema**
stones **54 Books**
t

Illustration by Ken Marschall

TIME

SAVE UP TO 51% OFF!

For a limited time only, take advantage of this spectacular offer. Get TIME for as low as HK$8.20 an issue instead of the HK$17.00 cover price. And there's no additional charge for the postage.

Send me TIME for: ☐ 2 years (104 issues) HK$8.20/issue ☐ 10 months (40 issues) HK$9.00/issue ☐ 1 year (52 issues) HK$8.50/issue ☐ 6 months (26 issues) HK$9.00/issue

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED. ☐ BILL ME LATER.

Name

Address

Signature Telephone

Time's basic rate is HK$8.50 an issue. Rates valid until October 31, 1986. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of the first issue. 4784

FREE HOME DELIVERY

SUBSCRIBE NOW AND SAVE!

The sea floor, an unimaginably hostile world of crushing pressure and utter darkness, remains one of the earth's last unexplored frontiers—as well as a story that journalists cannot easily plumb. But that is changing. This week's cover story describes the adventurers and scientists—they are sometimes one and the same—who are using the latest mechanical marvels to delve into the oceans' secrets. TIME correspondents around the world interviewed dozens of these underwater experts, whose most fascinating discoveries have been of ships that came to grief over the centuries, from the mighty *Titanic* to the remnants of a 3,400-year-old sailing craft off Turkey.

The *Titanic* expedition set out from the territory of Boston Correspondent Joelle Attinger, and she got as close as she could to the scene of the wreck's latest exploration. In addition to conducting a face-to-face interview in Woods Hole, Mass., with Expedition Leader Robert Ballard, who found the *Titanic* last fall and has just returned from a second, more detailed look, she used a ship-to-shore radio to talk to him. Reports Attinger, who spoke several times with Ballard after he had surfaced from eight-hour descents: "The romance of these ventures is tangible, the excitement spontaneous. This is really a story about dreams and the people and technology that have made them come alive." Artist Ken Marschall, a *Titanic* historian whose images of the ship have adorned books and a record album, sought to capture that romance in his illustration for this week's cover. Says Marschall of the manned submersible *Alvin*, which approached the sunken liner: "It's the human eye seeing the *Titanic* for the first time in 74 years."

STEVE LISS

Attinger at the seashore near Boston

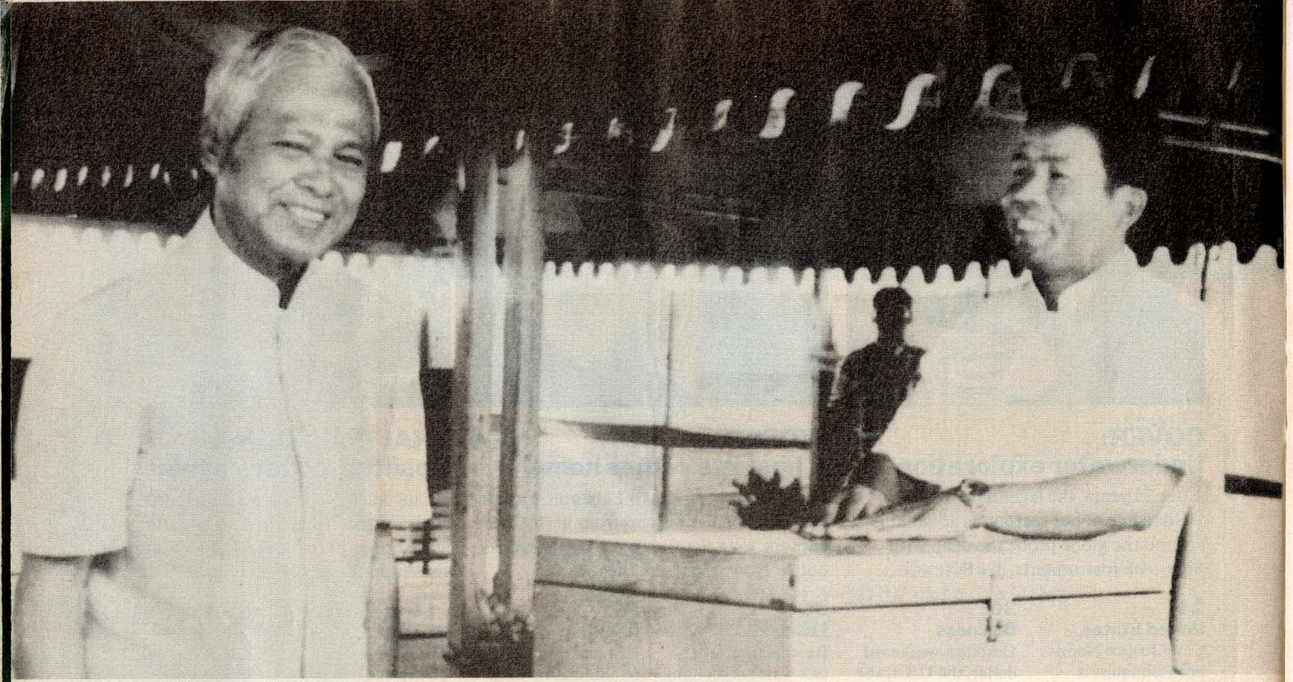
Thousands of miles away in Turkey, Rome Bureau Chief Erik Amfitheatrof borrowed flippers and a face mask from archeologists exploring a Bronze Age vessel that sank in 1400 B.C. Amfitheatrof plunged from the American research ship *Virazon* to meet three divers ascending from the wreck 160 ft. below. They handed him a box containing objects they had found, including gold jewelry. "My one concern while swimming," Amfitheatrof said, "was not to drop that box."

Staff Writer Jamie Murphy, who wrote the cover story, drew on his scuba-diving knowledge for this week's assignment. Murphy once dove to a depth of 180 ft. while hunting for black coral in Hawaii. That experience, he recalls, provided "an incredible feeling of entering a different world."

Richard B. Thomas

Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to Subscription Department, TIME magazine, CPO Box 88, Tokyo, Japan. TIME Asia is published weekly by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611-3333, U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., , and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere. Additional pages of regional editions numbered or allowed for as follows: National S1-S2. Vol. 128 No. 6

© 1986 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. TIME and the Red Border Design are protected through trademark registration in the United States and in the foreign countries where TIME magazine circulates. Time Inc. principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020-1393.



"It's business as usual": former Prime Minister Prem Tinsulanonda, who was favored to return to the post, casts his ballot AFP

TIME/AUGUST 11, 1986

THAILAND

Coalition Time—Again

No election majority for anyone, but a tested compromise candidate

The dinner was all business and very little pleasure. At 7 p.m. one day last week, a small convoy of Mercedes-Benz sedans rolled into the affluent Bangkok district of Soi Racha Kru and pulled into the driveway of No. 92. As soon as the cars entered the compound, heavy iron gates slammed shut: what was to be discussed was not for everyone's ears. Deputy Prime Minister Bhichai Rattakul, 59, the leader of the powerful Democrat Party, and four of his aides had come to call on Chatichai Choonhavan, a retired general and head of the rival Chart Thai (Thai Nation) Party, as well as some of his advisers. Seated around a circular table, Bhichai and his colleagues spent two hours pleading for Chatichai's support in forming a new ruling coalition. The talks were later described as "frank and uncompromising"; in the end, they were inconclusive.

The subject of the negotiations at the Chatichai home, like similar sessions early last week among the leaders of Thailand's 14 other political parties, was power—and who would hold it. Only a few hours earlier, following an eight-week election campaign, the country had gone to the polls. When the results were tallied, no single party had obtained the required overall majority of 174 seats in the 347-seat House of Representatives. That meant another coalition government, the eighth in the past twelve years, would have to be cobbled together. The questions of the moment: Who would be appointed to senior ministries, and, most important, who would be Prime Minister?

By week's end part of the answer was at hand. After hours of bargaining, three large and four smaller parties agreed to put the strength of their combined 290 parliamentary seats behind incumbent Prime Minister Prem Tinsulanonda, 65—thus, for all intents and purposes, ensuring his re-nomination. "That's very good; that's very good," declared a smiling Prem, before heading off for a round of golf. Said a U.S. State Department official, signaling Washington's satisfaction with the outcome of the balloting: "It's business as usual."

BOB NICKELSBERG

Democrat Leader Bhichai

Prem will be a popular choice. As an independent who belongs to no party, he is a man of compromise acceptable to the main political factions. He is a favorite of King Bhumibol Adulyadej, 58, and as a former army Commander in Chief who made his mark battling Communist insurgents in the '70s, he retains the confidence of much of the military—a particularly important attribute in a country that has suffered 18 military coups since 1933.

But even Prem will have to tread cautiously. Since he first became Prime Minister in 1981, he has survived two assassination and two coup attempts. Equally to the point, there were suspicions that the fall of Prem's coalition government last May involved the then army Commander in Chief, General Arthit Kamlang-ek, 60. Arthit's political ambitions had brought him into open conflict with onetime ally Prem, who responded in April by ordering the general to retire later this year. A few days after Prem had thus chastised Arthit, 38 M.P.s from the Social Action Party, one of the partners in the coalition, unexpectedly helped vote down a government bill, forcing Prem to call parliamentary elections. At the time, charges were raised that the defecting M.P.s had been bribed by Arthit supporters.

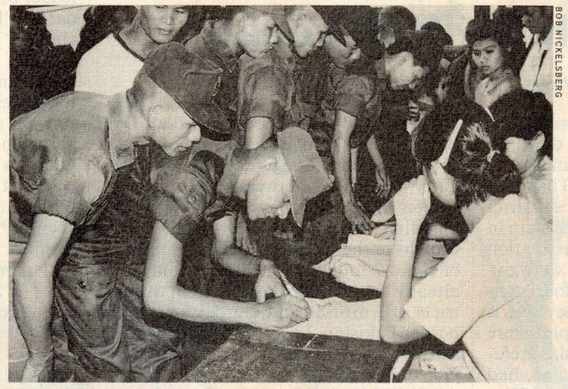
To replace Arthit in the Commander in Chief's post, the most powerful military position in the country, Prem appointed General Chavalit Yongchaiyuth, 54, a longtime confidant who promised to keep the army neutral during the campaign rather than follow the traditional practice of advising soldiers on how they should vote. "It is good that we are neutral," declared one ranking officer a few weeks before the balloting. "Instead of condemning us, as in previous elections, the politicians are condemning each other. Now our image is cleaner."

More than 3,800 candidates belonging to 16 parties signed up to compete for the 347 lower house seats. Within days of Prem's election announcement, leaflets were being handed out, party posters appeared on walls, and sound trucks blared their way through the streets. Though Thai parties are focused on strong personalities rather than platforms, and most politicking is done on an individual basis with little reference to specific policies, the voters had a wide range of choices. On the extreme right stood the United Democratic Party, a group of businessmen who support Arthit and were quickly dubbed by the press the "United Wild Animals" for their savage campaign tactics. The middle ground was held by Bhichai's Democrats and Chatichai's Thai Nation Party, as well as by the Social Action, Thai Citizens', Community Action and New Force parties. The Democratic Labor Party lined up to the left of center. Other smaller groups appealed for the fringe vote.

To win the support of 26.1 million registered voters, about 70% of them farmers, the candidates brought actors, dancing troupes, shadow plays, movies and folk singers to the hustings. So many mass rallies offered free meals that within days of the campaign's start, entrepreneurs had bid up the market price of hogs from 31¢ to 90¢ a pound. M.P.s who had not visited their districts for months suddenly appeared, promising their constituents everything from temple repairs to new roads, bridges and clinics.

Party leaders too waded into the fray. The Democrats' Bhichai, one of Thailand's leading businessmen, worked at his Bangkok party headquarters during the morning and campaigned in the afternoon. Leaving his Mercedes at home, he rode to his constituency in the Phra Kanong district in a modest Volkswagen van, sat on dirt floors to talk to poor voters and confidently flashed a V-for-victory sign. Chatichai made only a few symbolic visits to villages during the campaign. Some of the talk with voters centered on the suitability of Prem as Prime Minister as well as a 2½-year-old government austerity program, but mostly the campaign was dominated by candidates' promises to address themselves to basic needs. Bhichai specifically pledged to "save the economy from danger and stabilize democracy" by lowering taxes, interest rates and the price of gasoline, electricity and water.

Although the Thai economy has been battered by falling world prices for such export commodities as rice, tin, rubber, maize, beans and tapioca, declining oil prices have provided some relief; on the whole, Thailand is better off than some of its neighbors. Three years of tight credit and import restrictions have forced two banks and two dozen other financial institutions into bankruptcy, but inflation is holding at 1.5% and unemployment at 4.6%. Growth for 1986 is forecast at more than 4%, the highest rate of any member of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations.* Major problems facing the government include rural poverty and the continuing mass migration of peasants from the countryside to the cities. Prem advocates more private investment to stimulate the economy.



BOB NICKELSBERG

Soldiers in Korat signing in to vote on election day

REUTER

Nightclub girls join a rally to press for a high turnout

A campaign focused on personalities rather than issues.

As ever in Thai elections, not everything was aboveboard. One candidate sent 1,000 women from his district on their first visit to the seashore; others arranged for villagers to be given food and, in one instance, a supply of the large jars used to store water in the countryside. Agents for a few candidates paid some voters to attend rallies and arranged with local headmen to take bets at favorably long odds against their candidate, thus encouraging that village to vote for him. Some contestants simply paid hard cash for votes. The price ranged from $2 to $5 in the countryside to $10 in Bangkok.

To thwart possible violence, police had placed hundreds of known criminals under surveillance during the campaign and mobilized 126,000 officers to maintain order on election day. As it turned out, there was relatively little trouble during the 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. balloting—with a few notable exceptions. In the southern city of Nakhon Sithammarat, gunmen firing automatic weapons attacked a polling station, killing two bystanders. Elsewhere, 38 people were arrested on charges ranging from carrying weapons to having false voting cards; at two polling stations, police found ballots in the voting boxes before the election had even got under way.

The turnout was the highest since 1933, with nearly 17 million voters, 61.4% of those registered, casting ballots. The final tally left the Democrats with 100 seats, the Thai Nation and Social Action parties with 63 and 51 respectively, the pro-Arthit United Democrats with 38, and four smaller parties with fewer than 25 each.

While the election set back—at least for the moment—the aspirations of Arthit and other conservatives who would like to see less rather than more democracy in Thailand, Prem will once again have to rely on coalition rule—and coalitions in Bangkok tend to be less than stable. For all its promise to remain neutral, the military, often described as Thailand's "largest political party," remains a power to be reckoned with. "The army," said Commander in Chief Chavalit last week, "will not stand idly by if the new government becomes unjust and fails to serve the people." Though the caution signal came from a friend and ally, Prem cannot afford to ignore it. —*By Jay D. Palmer.*

Reported by Narunart Prapanya/Bangkok

*The others: the Philippines, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia and Brunei.

PRAVEEN JAIN

Unlike 1984, when four days passed before anti-Sikh riots were curbed, soldiers moved swiftly last week to quell violence in New Delhi

INDIA

Sudden Death, Swift Revenge

Ethnic violence erupts on three trouble-prone fronts

Almost as soon as the news broke that Sikh terrorists had gunned down 15 Hindu bus passengers near Muktsar in Punjab, tensions began to rise in Tilak Nagar, a suburb in west Delhi. It is a district where widows of some 2,000 Sikhs slain in the 1984 riots following the assassination of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi were given quarters. Unfortunately, the four-story apartment building in which they live is only a short distance from a temple where more than 1,000 homeless Hindus, refugees from Sikh terrorism in Punjab, had recently taken shelter. Many of the Hindus were in a mood for revenge.

Last week, at a memorial service near the temple for the dead of Muktsar, mourning gave way to thoughts of vengeance, and a Hindu mob armed with lathis fanned out through nearby streets. Sikhs hurriedly banded together to defend their homes. Gyan Kuar, a Sikh housewife, recalled barricading both doors of her house, but still some Hindus broke in. "We hid in a room, the children screaming in terror," she said. "The mob smashed the furniture, broke open cupboards and toppled the refrigerator." Some attackers tried, unsuccessfully, to burn the house.

The communal clashes had all the makings of a tragic replay of the 1984 riots, which came in retaliation for the murder of Indira Gandhi by Sikh members of her bodyguard. This time Indira's son, Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, moved decisively to quell the violence. Unlike 1984, when the authorities remained aloof for four days, the government promptly ordered a curfew, and police and army units deployed in the streets to enforce it, opening fire to restore order where necessary. In the process, seven rioters were killed and close to 100 injured.

Rajiv's response to the latest terrorist challenge at Muktsar was to renew a pledge of support for the beleaguered Punjab Chief Minister, Surjit Singh Barnala. As head of the moderate Akali Dal, Barnala has the unenviable job of trying to keep peace in a region whose Sikh majority is divided between those seeking greater local autonomy and militants demanding outright secession from India. Caught in the middle is a Hindu minority of some 7 million, 40,000 of whom have already fled the state, mostly from the districts of Amritsar and Gurdaspur, which border Pakistan. Last week two more victims of terrorism were found dead in Punjab, one a moderate Sikh who was an Akali Dal leader. In a move aimed at reassuring Hindus, Gandhi weighed a plan to give his government direct control over security in a three-mile-wide belt along Punjab's border with Pakistan to keep terrorists from crossing the frontier.

Deploring the Muktsar tragedy, Rajiv warned that the rioting in Delhi was precisely what the terrorists wanted. "All those who incite communal feelings," he said, "are indirectly collaborating with terrorists and giving sustenance to them." Indeed, the Muktsar killings were widely viewed as part of a master plan inspired by the late Sikh extremist leader, Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale, who was killed in an army action two years ago. Bhindranwale advocated violence as a means of triggering a huge ethnic shift in Punjab. The tactic, he hoped, would force Hindus to leave the state and prompt Sikhs living elsewhere in India to return, thus strengthening his bid to form an independent Khalistan.

While that goal seems no closer today than it did two years ago, neither does execution of the so-called Punjab peace accord, signed more than a year ago by Gandhi and the Akali Dal. Although the agreement was hailed as a breakthrough at the time, its anniversary this year was greeted with official silence. The only prominent Sikh politician who had anything to say was Prakash Singh Badal, leader of an Akali Dal splinter group. Badal was hardly encouraging when he declared, "The Punjab accord is dead."

The agreement called for Punjab to cede Hindi-speaking areas of its territory to the neighboring state of Haryana in return for gaining full control over Chandigarh, which the two states share as a capital. Now, however, many Sikhs are not so sure that having their own capital is worth the loss of land. Haryana politicians also accuse Punjabi Sikhs of backing out on a formula for sharing their water reserves with more arid regions.

The Sikhs were not the only minority with grievances last week. Only two days after the slayings at Muktsar, police opened fire in Darjeeling after a large crowd of Gurkhas turned violent. Thirteen demonstrators were killed. The Gurkhas were hoping to force the Indian government into making their native Nepali an official language as well as, eventually, giving them a homeland.

The Gurkhas, many of them veterans of the British and Indian armies, are led by Subash Ghising, 50, who founded the Gurkha National Liberation Front. The GNLF claims to represent 6 million Gurkhas all over India. Gurkhas now constitute 55% of the population of Darjeeling, a hilly tea-growing district and tourist area known since the British Raj as queen of the hill stations. Ghising is often accompanied by Usha Pradhan, a GNLF organizer who urges Gurkha women to arm themselves with the traditional kukri, a curved dagger, and calls on them to sacrifice their sons and daughters to the "noble" cause of establishing Gurkhaland.

After the GNLF called a 4½-day general strike last week, much of the Darjeeling district was paralyzed. On the third day, police moved into the tea-garden areas after one person was killed when strikers, attempting to keep workers from crossing a picket line, clashed with followers of the state's ruling Marxist-Communist party. By week's end police had arrested more than 100 GNLF supporters and Ghising was reported to have gone underground. *—By Lloyd Garrison.*

Reported by K.K. Sharma/New Delhi

Can IBM teach you to see the art in nature?

CHINA

Risen from the Rubble

"Something like that could only happen once"

During the first instant of terror, some of those who lived through the deadly 23 seconds thought that the modern world's worst nightmare had struck Tangshan. "I saw a bright flash," recalls Zhou Yuming, 52, a candy vendor. "I thought it was an atom bomb." It may as well have been. At 3:42 a.m. on July 28, 1976, the most destructive recorded earthquake in four centuries struck eastern China with a force so great—7.8 on the Richter scale—that it leveled Tangshan, claiming 242,000 lives by official estimate (though the real figure may have been twice that), and disrupted the earth's electromagnetic field, sparking the burst of light witnessed by Zhou.

Ten years later the memories of the flash and the pulsating roar of the earth remain etched in survivors' minds, but their city, 90 miles southeast of Peking, looks more to the future than to the past. Says Chen Baoxun, 56, whose daughter was killed in the disaster and who lost the use of his legs after a damaged building collapsed on him: "I never thought the city could be rebuilt. Now it is even better than before the earthquake."

Raising Tangshan, which had a population of 1.19 million before the temblor, has been a prodigious feat. The quake flattened 97% of the city's buildings and left more than 90% of the population homeless. Political upheaval in Peking between 1976 and 1978 complicated relief and rebuilding efforts. Yet today, the *People's Daily* reports, 95% of those left without shelter a decade ago again have roofs over their heads. A new Tangshan has risen along broad avenues lined with what Chinese engineers claim are earthquake-proof four- and six-story buildings. The new city is not pretty—a recent visitor called it faceless—but the amount of reconstruction over only seven years is nothing short of a marvel.

Given the scale of the disaster, news of it spread slowly. With all telephone links ruptured, the central government in Peking was not aware of the extent of the Tangshan catastrophe until a plane flew over the smoking rubble after dawn, hours after the quake had hit. The first of more than 100,000 People's Liberation Army troops, dispatched to dig out the city, hardly knew where to begin when they arrived nearly a day later. All 18 hospitals had vanished. The old city, a warren of narrow streets and mud-brick hovels clustered around the Kailuan coal mines, was leveled, as were more modern concrete-reinforced buildings farther out. "There was not enough steel in the concrete, and the roofs were too heavy," explains Wang Qingxian, 53, deputy director of the reconstruction bureau. "We have learned from those mistakes."

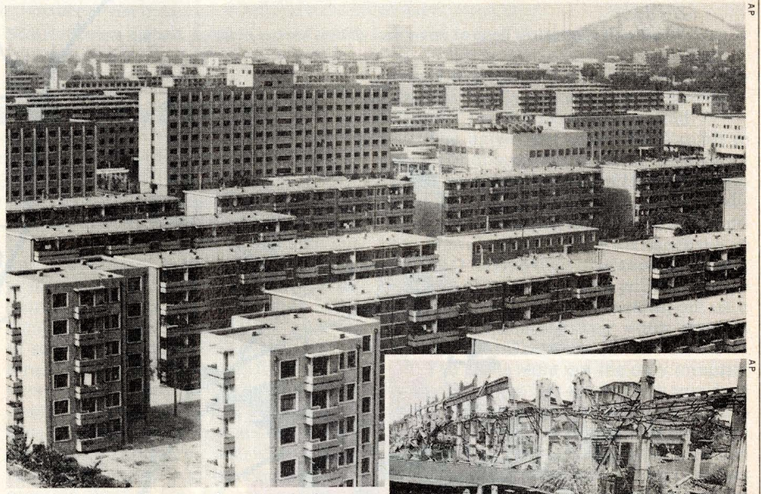
Practically every survivor had a tale of horror to tell. Yan Xixin, 39, a steelworker, remembers running to the corner of his factory building, the Tangshan Rolling Stock Plant, just as the roof gave way. "There were four of us there," he says, "but only I survived." Perhaps the most miraculous escape was that of 13,000 coal miners trapped 1,300 ft. below the surface. "At first we did not even know that there had been an earthquake," says Gao Yihua, 47. "Then the lights went out." Most of the miners were able to climb or dig their way to the surface.

As soon as the world learned of the disaster, offers of assistance began pouring in, but Peking declined to accept help. Earlier that year Premier Chou En-lai had died, and Deng Xiaoping, his appointed successor, had been ousted by the so-called Gang of Four, a group of radicals, including Mao Tse-tung's wife Jiang Qing, that surrounded the dying patron saint of China's revolution. Fearing that the superstitious among their countrymen would view the earthquake as a sign that Mao had lost the "mandate of heaven"—the traditional expression describing the basis of Chinese emperors' rule—and that the radicals' power would thus be undermined, the Gang of Four suppressed reports of the disaster. Preaching the Maoist theme of self-reliance, Hebei provincial officials allied with the radicals, even refusing to accept assistance from neighboring cities.

All that changed, according to city leaders, after the Third Plenum of the Eleventh Central Committee in the fall of 1978. At that meeting Deng regained the leadership position he had lost two years earlier; he announced wide-ranging economic reforms and in effect took the wraps off Tangshan's agony. With a new group of officials in charge, full-scale reconstruction got under way.

Today brick-and-concrete apartment buildings designed to withstand a shock generated by a 7.2-scale quake are clustered into new neighborhoods with their own shops, clinics, parks and schools. Residents enjoy 80 sq. ft. of living space per person, more than in nearly all China's major cities. The liberating impact of Deng's reforms is evident in Tangshan's free market, which displays a large selection of fresh produce at prices much lower than those in Peking. Residents who only a few years ago were dressed in rags are wearing brightly colored (if unstylish) clothes. Perhaps the best measure of Tangshan's comeback is the size of the population, which has reached 1.3 million. One reason for the increase is a local relaxation of Peking's policy of one baby per family to help make up for the casualties of 1976.

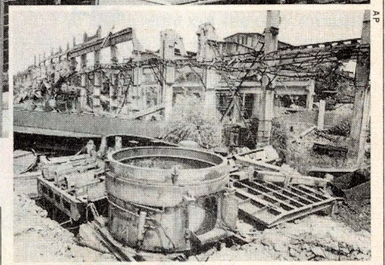
One of the shortcomings of the rebuilding program is that design was given short shrift. "We have only a few types of buildings, all of which are not very attractive," says Mayor Zhang Jingcheng. Progress has also brought pollution: the smokestacks of three coal-burning power stations spew a gray-green haze over the city, and a large cement factory pumps tons of dust into the air. But Tangshan needs both electricity and cement to complete its rebuilding efforts, which are scheduled to level off in two to three years. Small quakes—some 40 since the big one—have hit in recent years, but seem to have frightened few in a city full of hope and determination. Says Coal Miner Cui Chengyu, 42: "Something like that could only happen once." —*By Edward W. Desmond. Reported by Richard Hornik/Peking*



AP

Postquake Tangshan: new housing blocks

"Even better than before the earthquake."



AP

The remains of the rolling-stock factory

We're not arranging the flowers, but we can help put your business in order.

The Japanese art of flower arranging, known as Ikebana, has evolved over the years to a high level of sophistication and subtlety that requires years of study. The art is so revered by the Japanese that the Sensho Ikenobo School alone has some 150,000 members throughout the country. To keep their information updated and in order, Sensho Ikenobo's administrative offices called on IBM. An IBM small business computer handles a range of chores, from mailing out the monthly newsletter to recording issued certificates.

IBM is helping businesses of all sizes throughout Asia. We can help you make the right arrangements: the hardware, the software and the specialised experience to help you get your business running more efficiently.

IBM

If we had the wisdom to understand that every encounter is destiny at work, would we not treasure every moment of it.

At China Airlines, because we believe that our meeting is predestined, you'll find a subtle difference in the way we serve you. As well as being highly efficient, our service is genuinely warm and friendly.

Once you settle aboard one of our modern, wide bodied jets, you can relax in the knowledge that our staff will turn your flight into an event never to forget.

After all, destiny is not to be taken lightly.

中華航空公司
CHINA AIRLINES

WE TREASURE EACH ENCOUNTER.

Amsterdam•Anchorage•Bangkok•Dhahran•Fukuoka•Hong Kong•Honolulu•Jakarta•Kaohsiung•Kuala Lumpur•Los Angeles•Manila•New York•Okinawa•San Francisco•Seoul•Singapore•Taipei•Tokyo

SSCC86 N253-2

MIDDLE EAST

End of a Priest's Ordeal

At long last, Father Jenco comes home

The frail, white-bearded priest was exhausted from his long ordeal and looked far older than his 51 years. But Father Lawrence Martin Jenco managed to perform the necessary rituals with distinction last week as he made his way homeward after 564 days of captivity in Lebanon. His journey took him from Syria to West Germany, then Rome, London and Washington, and finally Chicago and suburban Joliet, Ill. "Chicago is a windy city, and I want to feel that wind again," he declared soon after his arrival at the big U.S. air base at Rhein-Main in Frankfurt, West Germany. At week's end, before heading home to Joliet, he met in the Oval Office with President Reagan, who told him that his release was "an answer to a great many prayers."

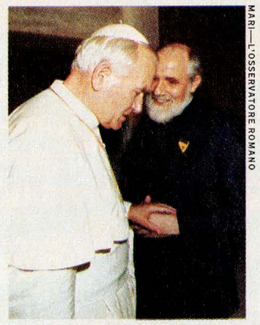
Scarcely six days earlier, Father Jenco had been freed in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley by Islamic Jihad, the shadowy terrorist organization that had kidnaped him in Beirut in January 1985. Now, suffering from heart disease and near exhaustion, he was eager to go home. But first, as he emphasized again and again throughout a week of almost unbearable excitement and emotion, he had some urgent promises to keep.

Father Jenco's most joyous moment came on his second morning in West Germany, when he was reunited with eleven members of his family who had flown from the U.S. aboard an Air Force jet. When the priest entered the hospital room in which the group had gathered, his brother John later recalled, "we all sort of melted in our tracks. Then there was all this squeezing and crying." John's first words to his long-lost brother: "I love you, and please forgive me for anything that I have ever done wrong to you." As they talked, the priest's relatives tried to make him laugh as they brought him up to date on family news. "When we're back in Chicago, we'll do everything we missed for almost two years—Christmas dinner, Thanksgiving, everything," said John Jenco. "We're going to hide him. The press will not find him for a while."

Jenco's release, like that of others before him, highlighted the plight of the remaining Western hostages in Lebanon.

Freedom found: the former hostage shows the flag in West Germany REGIS BOSSU—SYGMA

Among them are three Americans still held by the same group: Associated Press Correspondent Terry Anderson, 38, David Jacobsen, 55, director of the American University Hospital in Beirut, and Thomas Sutherland, 55, the university's acting dean of agriculture. Another American hostage, William Buckley, 58, a U.S. embassy political officer, was reported slain by Shi'ite extremists last October, but his death has not been confirmed. In addition to the Americans, there are seven Frenchmen, two Britons, an Irishman, a South Korean and an Italian who are missing and believed held by Islamic Jihad and other terrorist groups.



Consulting with the Pope MARI—L'OSSERVATORE ROMANO

Two men who had urgently sought the release of Jenco and the other hostages were among the first to telephone the priest in the Syrian capital of Damascus: Pope John Paul II and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Runcie. During his stopover there, Jenco also received a call from Vice President George Bush, who was in Frankfurt at the beginning of a ten-day trip to the Middle East. Bush had hoped to remain in West Germany for Jenco's arrival but in the end felt obliged to depart as scheduled for Israel.

From the moment he reached Europe, Father Jenco seemed nervous and preoccupied with the horrors he had left behind. At one point he apologized to the press for refusing to answer some questions, explaining that his silence was "a shout of fear and concern" for "my brothers still held hostage." Honoring a promise to his former captors, the priest released a seven-minute videotape in which Jacobsen pleads with the Reagan Administration to work more actively on the hostages' behalf. Said Jacobsen: "I'm very tired and frustrated. I'm very angry. Why won't the Government negotiate for our release?"

The Shi'ite extremists who are holding the three Americans are seeking the release of 17 of their kinsmen and allies who are imprisoned in Kuwait for bombing several buildings, including the French and American embassies in 1983. The Administration's position: it will not negotiate with terrorists and will not ask Kuwait to do so. In any case, the Kuwaitis have said they would refuse any such request.

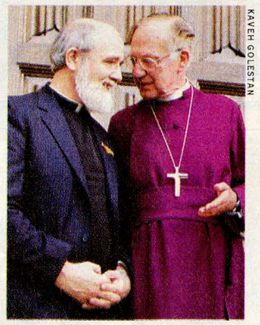
As soon as he was able, Father Jenco left for Rome, London and Washington to deliver messages from his former captors to the Pope, the Archbishop of Canterbury and President Reagan. He was determined to do this in person in order to leave no doubt whatever in his captors' minds that he had kept his word, explained Terry Waite, the Archbishop's special envoy, who has visited Beirut three times in an effort to gain the hostages' release.

Return of a native son: his release, said President Reagan, was "an answer to a great many prayers" DIANA WALKER

Before taking off for Rome, Jenco told a crowd of well-wishers, "Terry, David, Tom and I prayed constantly, 'I long to see the Lord and the land of the living.' " Then, in an extraordinary litany, Jenco addressed some of his former captors by name: "Haj, I'm on my way to see the Holy Father [about] what we discussed . . . Said, I thank you for your last-minute counsel that I will need to be an ambitious person to sustain the final hours of release. Said, I pray no one else will have to be an ambitious person." He also described "the small crucifix Ahab gave me" as "a great comfort during the final hours," adding, "In the final minutes of captivity with you, we also talked about our common belief in one God who is merciful and compassionate."

The kindly priest's public account of his 19-month captivity at times very nearly obscured the fact that it had been a dreadful ordeal. From the day he was abducted by eight men as he went about his duties as director of Catholic Relief Services in Lebanon, he was kept in solitary confinement, blindfolded and chained by his ankle to a wall. After six months, he was put in a small room with Anderson, Jacobsen and Sutherland. Until his release last September, the Rev. Benjamin Weir, a Presbyterian missionary, was also with them. The only clothing the captives were given was two pairs of underwear apiece—one for wearing, the other for washing. Each man was allowed to use a toilet only once a day, though a urinal bottle was provided. Apparently fearing a rescue mission by the Syrians if not the Americans, the captors moved Jenco to seven different locations, probably either in the slums of southern Beirut or in the Bekaa Valley. As a further precaution, the jailers never permitted the priest to see their faces.

At various times, however, the terrorists were given to small acts of kindness. They found Jenco a Bible and rosary as well as a crucifix and did not interfere with the hostages' prayers. They never beat Jenco or attempted to brainwash him. Occasionally the hostages were even able to laugh with their captors. Once, when one of them asked, "Is there anything you would like, Father?" the priest replied, "A taxicab."



Chatting with the Archbishop KAVEH GOLESTAN

On the last day of his captivity, Jenco found himself being driven through the Bekaa Valley. Bleary-eyed from a sleepless night, he was suddenly abandoned by his captors, who told him, "Start walking," then disappeared. His first uncertain steps seemed "like an eternity," he said later, until he made contact with Lebanese police and was whisked across the border to the protection of Syrian authorities and U.S. embassy officials in Damascus. It was there that he met Anderson's sister, Peggy Say, of Batavia, N.Y., who had gone to the Middle East to see if she could do anything to help secure her brother's release.

Why had the extremists freed Father Jenco at this time? Because of his deteriorating health, said the kidnapers, who knew of his heart condition and an eye infection caused by his blindfolds and presumably would not have wanted to be held responsible in the event of his death. William Casey, director of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, visited Damascus recently, but it was unclear whether this had anything to do with the priest's release. Jenco himself also spoke of the "religious factor," meaning the efforts of Terry Waite and other churchmen on behalf of the hostages. The indefatigable Waite, tight-lipped as always, said only that it was "not a coincidence" that he was in the Middle East at the time Jenco was freed, and revealed that he planned to return to Beirut shortly.

Still another influence may have been that of Syrian President Hafez Assad, who is believed anxious to improve his relations with the U.S. and to counteract his country's reputation as a sponsor of terrorism. Assad has recently renewed his efforts to gain the release of the Western hostages. A month ago, the Syrian leader told a visiting California Congressman that Syria expected to have "some good news very soon." One view, dismissed by the Administration, is that Assad not only secured Jenco's release but timed it to coincide with Vice President Bush's trip to the region.

The Bush trip went reasonably well last week. With a personal film crew on hand to record his foreign policymaking, apparently to provide proof of his abilities when he runs for the presidency in 1988, the Vice President, wearing a dark blue skullcap, was photographed kissing Jerusalem's Wailing Wall, visiting the Yad Vashem memorial to the Holocaust, touring a kibbutz and chatting earnestly with Natan (formerly Anatoly) Shcharansky, the Jewish human rights activist released by the Soviet Union in February.

Though Bush had hoped to visit Morocco's King Hassan II, who two weeks ago hosted a surprise meeting with Israeli Prime Minister Shimon Peres, the Vice President was rebuffed. The Moroccan ruler apparently did not want to create the impression that his diplomatic initiative had been an American invention. In Jordan, Bush met with King Hussein, who earlier dismissed the Vice President's call for a Hussein-Peres meeting. Hussein had pointed out that Jordan's long-standing policy is to reject such negotiations unless held within the context of an international peace conference.

Bush did not bring his film crew to Jordan, suggesting to some that he holds the potential Jordanian vote in the U.S. in low regard. Nonetheless, on arrival in Amman, Bush and his wife Barbara enjoyed a dinner with the King and his American-born wife, Queen Noor. Said a Bush aide: "They got along like back-porch neighbors." After a sojourn at the King's palace on the Gulf of Aqaba, Bush was scheduled to go on to Cairo for talks with Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak.

DAVID RUBINGER

Bush at the Wailing Wall

In the meantime, Father Jenco proceeded to Rome for an audience with the Pope, to London for a meeting with Archbishop Runcie and on to Washington to see Reagan. He also carried messages for the families of the remaining hostages, he said, though these were not so much letters as "messages from the heart." On Saturday he was due to reach Joliet at last, for a celebration and a reunion with some 45 more family members.

Back in London, describing his feelings, Jenco had recalled taking his nieces and nephews three years ago to see the movie *E.T.*, in which the title character keeps saying, "Home, home." Said the priest gently: "That's what I want to do—I want to go home." What he will do after that is anyone's guess. His Servite Order announced last week that he has actually been offered his old job as Catholic Relief Services director in Lebanon. "I would sort of doubt that Father Jenco will want to go back to Beirut," an official of the order told the Chicago *Sun-Times*. "But you never know. He is the type of person who might say, " 'Sure.' " —***By William E. Smith. Reported by Andreas Gutzeit/Frankfurt and Scott MacLeod/Cairo***

DAHER—GAMMA/LIAISON

First strike: sunlight permeates ruins in Christian Ain Rummaneh

AUGUE—GAMMA/LIAISON

A day later: rescuers gesture over bombed-out car in Muslim Barbir

The Grisly Logic of Violence

One minute, the white Mercedes-Benz sat parked in the working-class neighborhood of Ain Rummaneh in Christian East Beirut. The next, 330 lbs. of explosives hidden inside the vehicle went off in a mighty roar, totally demolishing the car and setting seven nearby apartment buildings ablaze. Thirty-two died and 140 were injured in the blast.

Little more than a day later, on a busy street in the Barbir area of Muslim-dominated West Beirut, a gray Volkswagen containing 165 lbs. of explosives blew up in another deafening blast. The force devastated a shopping center of 20 boutiques, set fire to dozens of cars and shattered the windows of Barbir Hospital. Though ambulances raced screaming to the scene, at least 25 people were killed and 170 wounded.

The attacks, the worst this year in the crumbling Lebanese capital, accounted for almost half the country's 123 car-bomb-related deaths since January. They underlined yet again the bloody logic of Beirut's seemingly senseless cycle of sectarian vendettas. No groups claimed responsibility for the bombings, but Christian leaders promptly blamed the East Beirut atrocity on Muslims, charging that they were acting for the regime of Syrian President Hafez Assad. Across town in his West Beirut headquarters, Nabih Berri, the chief of the predominantly Shi'ite Amal militia, ascribed the Barbir bombing to Christian militiamen bent on revenge. More radical Shi'ites claimed that the Christian perpetrators were acting as "lackeys of Israel."

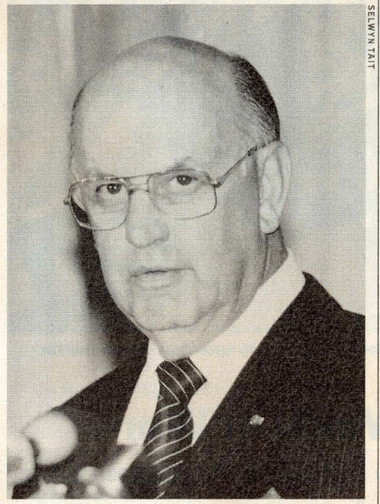
One day later, Berri, who is also Lebanon's Minister of Justice, organized his own show of "justice," though it bore no direct relation to either of last week's explosions. Amal militiamen bound and blindfolded Mohieddin Saleh, 22, a Sunni Muslim they charged with trying to set off a car bomb three months earlier, then took him to a playground near the Rawdat Shahidain Cemetery. As a crowd of 1,000 looked on, Amal executioners stepped up to the prostrate Saleh and pumped seven machine-gun rounds into his face and body. The grisly execution tragically bore out the lament of Lebanese Army Brigadier General Mohammed Haj as bodies were being pulled from the rubble in Barbir. "In this deadly game," said Haj, "we are all victims and losers."

SOUTH AFRICA

Lashing Out at the West

Botha rails as the U.S. and Britain edge closer to sanctions

"If we are forced until our backs are against the wall, we will have no alternative but to stand up in self-respect and say to the world: You won't force South Africans to commit national suicide. Leave South Africa to the South Africans." Just as South Africa's black Anglican Archbishop-elect, Desmond Tutu, had told the West to "go to hell" the week before, now it was South Africa's white President, P.W. Botha, saying virtually the same thing. The defiant stands on both sides of the embattled nation's apartheid clash focused on the same subject: sanctions. While Tutu had reacted angrily to Ronald Reagan's attack on the whole notion of employing punitive measures against the Pretoria government, Botha was striking out at the mounting international determination to step up pressure against South Africa.



SELWYN TAIT

A defiant President at his press conference

Botha's outburst was directed at British Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe, even though his government has been a holdout against the use of sanctions. Howe was winding up a futile week-long attempt to open a dialogue with the key players in South Africa's racial conflict. Despite his good intentions, he had been rudely rebuffed by both sides. As Howe was leaving Pretoria, Botha held his bitter press conference. He dismissed all such mediating efforts as "direct interference in our internal affairs" and part of "this hysterical outcry of certain Western countries against South Africa."

Outwardly unshaken by the failure of Howe's mission, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher intended to hold her lonely line against meaningful sanctions at a three-day meeting of leaders of six Commonwealth members (Australia, Canada, India, the Bahamas, Zambia and Zimbabwe). Arguing that sanctions will not work unless the industrial powers join in applying them, she hoped to buy time until at least mid-September, when foreign ministers of the European Community nations complete deliberations on the subject in Luxembourg. If Britain remains out of step on sanctions then, Thatcher's Cabinet seems likely to split sharply on the matter.

The Reagan Administration sent Chester Crocker, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, to London to assess the European movement on sanctions. Stunned by the adverse reaction to Reagan's speech, which failed to suggest any change in policy toward South Africa, the White House seemed ready to yield to the pressure for sanctions while trying to hold them to a minimum. It hopes to persuade Congress that mild sanctions taken in concert with other nations would be more effective than harsher measures taken unilaterally by the U.S.

SAHM DOHERTY

Crocker and Howe in London: trying to buy more time

To some, the timing of the textile deal was "idiotic."

Voting on straight party lines, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee rejected an attempt by Democrats to approve a sweeping, near total trade embargo on South Africa as passed by the House. But Republican Senators Charles Mathias of Maryland and Daniel Evans of Washington succeeded in persuading the committee and its chairman, Indiana Republican Richard Lugar, to ask the Senate to take tougher steps than even Lugar had proposed. By a vote of 15 to 2, the committee approved a bill that would ban all new investments in South Africa by U.S. companies and prevent any U.S. banks from making new loans to any private companies operating there. It would also stop airline service between the U.S. and South Africa and outlaw imports of coal and uranium from that nation.

The proposed Senate sanctions would be lifted if South Africa agreed to release Nelson Mandela, the imprisoned black leader, and take at least three out of four other steps: lift the state of emergency, end the banning of political parties, repeal the "group areas" act, which keeps blacks out of certain residential areas, and start negotiations between white and black leaders in the country. The committee measure would require Reagan to report within six months on the extent of any violations of the existing international embargo on the sale of arms to South Africa. If evasions of the ban continued, U.S. military assistance to the offending nations could be stopped in twelve months. If there was no progress on dismantling apartheid in a year, the U.S. could extend its trade embargo to such South African exports as diamonds, steel, food and textiles.

Instead of going along with any trend toward banning textiles, the Administration shot its South Africa policy in the foot again last week by announcing that it had reached an agreement with Pretoria to increase U.S. imports of South African textiles by 4% a year. The unfortunate timing managed to outrage the advocates of protectionist legislation in the depressed U.S. textile industry even as it angered supporters of sanctions. The mild-mannered Lugar called the textile deal "hard to believe." Pennsylvania Congressman William Gray termed it "lunacy." Protested Democratic Congressman Butler Derrick, of textile-producing South Carolina: "We're wrapping ourselves in the misery of that country's black majority. It's downright idiotic."

That majority had new cause to complain about government promises of reform. Blacks learned that Botha's act on July 1 abolishing the pass laws that restrict the movement of blacks within the country did not end restrictions on the 4 million blacks in South Africa who are technically residents of four tribal homelands that chose to become so-called independent states: Transkei, Ciskei, Bophuthatswana and Venda. Despite government pledges that they could be granted citizenship in both their homelands and South Africa, they are now treated as aliens who must apply for residence and work permits whenever they move. Although the government promised not to enforce these alien requirements while negotiations over dual citizenship continue, it could do so at any time. The white-owned newspaper *Business Day* protested this pullback from reform, declaring, "Those gullible folk who took President Botha at his word and gave reform a chance have been tricked." —***By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Michael Duffy/Washington and Bruce W. Nelan/Johannesburg***

BLEIBTREU—SYGMA

At an instruction center near the Honduran border, rebels learn to operate a 60-mm mortar

CENTRAL AMERICA

The Freshening Winds of War

While the Sandinistas gird for a showdown, the contras *sit idle*

As Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega Saavedra made the rounds in New York City last week during an eight-day visit to the U.S., it was easy to forget that he is the man who just a month ago called Ronald Reagan "a new Hitler." Instead, the seasoned comandante played the polished politician, while he embarked on a campaign to win American hearts and minds. During meetings with political, church and press groups, he answered questions with some candor, trying, though not always successfully, to steer clear of revolutionary jargon. Appearing before the United Nations Security Council, he appealed for U.N. endorsement of a recent World Court decision that called for Washington to stop supporting the *contra* rebels. "We do not want confrontation," he declared. "Nicaragua is willing to engage immediately in negotiations with the U.S."

The Reagan Administration was not impressed. Vernon Walters, chief U.S. delegate to the U.N., called the offer for negotiations a "lie." He charged that Nicaragua's Sandinista regime was "laying the groundwork for a one-party state." His Nicaraguan counterpart, Nora Astorga in turn accused Walters of "repeating the same distortions and lies" in order to disguise an illegal U.S. policy of aggression. Walters countered, "Is it a lie that the Sandinistas have sought to destroy the democratic labor movement? Is it a lie that the Sandinistas have sought to crush Nicaragua's private sector?" Within moments, Ortega's appeal was forgotten, and the winds of war began to stir once more.

Ever since the U.S. House of Representatives approved a $100 million package of *contra* aid six weeks ago, those breezes have been freshening on both sides. In Nicaragua, warnings of a *Yanqui* invasion have become louder than ever, and the Pacific port of Corinto has been bustling with new shipments of Soviet arms. U.S. intelligence estimates that by the end of November, Nicaragua's 119,000-strong armed forces will have up to 60 Soviet armored helicopters. In Washington, officials have said that as soon as the Senate approves the aid money, the CIA will resume operational control of the *contra* campaign, and the rebels will be equipped with antiaircraft missiles. "The war will be nastier than it's ever been," says a U.S. official. "What we're seeing is both sides gearing up for this new phase."

The only players who so far seem uninfected by the war bug are the *contras*. While the CIA and the Sandinista Popular Army ratchet up their plans for what Ortega warns may be "another Viet Nam," the rebels seem content to idle away the hours in their Honduran camps. Two weeks ago, *contra* military leaders, packing showy chrome and gold-plated pistols, celebrated the reappearance of CIA officials at rebel headquarters near the Honduran capital of Tegucigalpa.

Although relieved that their CIA handlers are back, the *contras* show few signs of being prepared to meet the Sandinistas head on. Indeed, they seem obsessed with the poor performance of their troops. One described a recent mission in which a 400-member rebel task force crossed into Nicaragua. "The moment the force hit the first villages and peasant farms," he said, "our troops started to slip away." Soon, he continued, almost all the rebels "had gone home to see their families." Weeks later, the deserters rejoined the force for the return trip to Honduras. At the border, "the task force unloaded its magazines, shooting at targets, at animals and in the air." Returning with unspent ammunition would have been a sure sign that they had not engaged the enemy.

Only twelve months ago, the same *contra* commanders talked with markedly more confidence. They then boasted that despite a cutoff of U.S. military aid, they had all the equipment and ammunition they needed. With 14,000 guerrillas inside Nicaragua, and 3,000 more poised along the Honduran border, Commander in Chief Enrique Bermúdez predicted that the *contras* would soon "confront the Sandinistas with a major military, economic and political crisis."

Little of that has come to pass. True, the Sandinistas have had to commit at least 50% of their meager budget to defense. But while the *contra* ranks have swollen to perhaps 20,000, intelligence agencies estimate that 6,000 rebels are deployed inside Nicaragua. They are dismissed by the Sandinista army as little more than an irritant. "They can't do us any harm," says Sandinista Commander Roberto Calderon. Last year even Bermúdez claimed that the *contras* were faring better without the CIA. Now he says, "We are waiting for the agency to help us carry on."

ROBLES—J.B. PICTURES

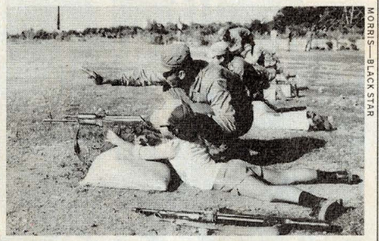
Nicaraguan troops queue up to board a Soviet-built Mi-8 armored helicopter

A well-equipped, well-disciplined force, hell-bent on quashing their foes.

Can the CIA shake the *contras* out of their malaise? Some members of the Administration have strong doubts. They point to the *contras'* refusal to adopt small-scale guerrilla tactics suited to the mountainous Nicaraguan terrain. "Until I hear Bermúdez start talking about breaking into small, mobile units," says one State Department official, "I'll remain skeptical about their chances."

Political unity also continues to elude the rebels. Last May, Washington pressured the *contras'* three civilian leaders into announcing that they would share all decision making. Since then, Adolfo Calero, the member of the trio with the closest ties to the CIA and the *contra* military, is rumored to have spurned the troika and struck out on his own. In May, rebels also promised to enforce a human rights code. Last week a high-ranking *contra* told TIME that both Calero and Bermúdez have decided to shut down the *contras'* human rights office. "They fail to understand the importance of it," he said.

The rebels, who have no air force to speak of, are intimidated by the Sandinistas' sizable air-strike capability. Moreover, they are outflanked by the Sandinistas' quick-response counterinsurgency forces and beefed-up electronic intelligence-gathering capabilities, all under the watchful eyes of some 2,500 Soviet and East bloc advisers and technicians, as well as up to 8,000 Cuban military advisers. Still, it may be simply that the relative ease and safety of life in the Honduran camps has dampened the *contras'* appetite for the guerrilla life. "The U.S. helped corrupt them by offering them better living conditions, free meals and freedom," says a Honduran intelligence official. "They lost the desire to fight."



MORRIS—BLACK STAR

An army soldier trains a youthful recruit

The Sandinista army, by contrast, is hell-bent on quashing the *contras*. Washington continues to warn that the Sandinistas may escalate the air war by introducing Soviet-built MiG jet fighters to the region, a circumstance that could provoke direct U.S. military action. U.S. intelligence reports show that about two dozen Nicaraguan pilots are currently receiving flight training in the Soviet Union and Bulgaria.

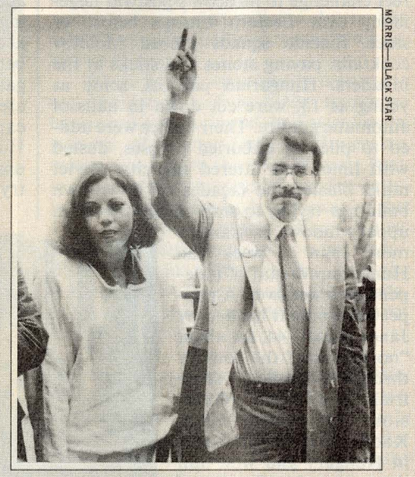
Realistically, the *contras* cannot be expected to bring down Central America's largest and most powerful fighting machine anytime soon. "The question is not whether the *contras* can win," says one U.S. official. "The real question is whether the *contras* can be a viable military force within Nicaragua." U.S. officials are already predicting that the *contras* will hit Congress for more aid a year from now. If they hope to get a hearing, they will have to prove that they are more than marauders. —***By Jill Smolowe. Reported by Ricardo Chavira with Ortega and David Halevy/Tegucigalpa***

"Opening the Way for Intervention"

As part of a campaign to sway the U.S. debate on Nicaragua, President Daniel Ortega Saavedra, 40, met last week with TIME *editors in New York City. In a wide-ranging discussion, he assessed his country's relations with other Central American countries, the Soviet Union and the U.S. Excerpts:*

On relations with the Soviet Union. Politically, we have relations of mutual respect and independence. The Soviet Union knows we have a government of political pluralism, a mixed economy and a stand of nonalignment. There has never been any insinuation that we should change our policies or make changes more along the lines of the Cuban or socialist model.

Militarily, we are but one more country that is supplied by the Soviet Union. It is not that we have any particular fondness for Soviet weapons. There is no Soviet military base in Nicaragua. There are no Soviet troops. We don't have military maneuvers with the Soviets, and we are willing to put all of those facts in a treaty with the U.S. Economically, the Soviet contribution is substantive. But socialist cooperation and European cooperation pretty much balance.



MORRIS—BLACK STAR

Ortega, with wife, flashes V sign in Brooklyn

On the possibility of regional war. There are *contra* camps in Costa Rica and Honduras. The *contra* leadership wants to increase its operations in Costa Rica because it is aware of the political sensitivities of the southern border. The potential for provoking an incident is much greater in Costa Rica than in Honduras because Costa Rica has more credibility. It has no army. The pretext could be that Nicaragua invaded Costa Rica or Honduras, opening the way for a U.S. intervention.

In March we had a big anti-*contra* campaign in the south. We pushed them into Costa Rica. But in the north, we were confronted with reinforcements coming from camps in Honduras to help *contras* inside Nicaragua. We crossed ten miles into Honduras and wiped out a base there. Then we went in 35 miles and hit their biggest base. These actions covered 15 days. When pressure from the U.S. was applied on the Honduran government, there was suddenly a Nicaraguan "invasion" of Honduras. President José Azcona told me he had information that we were going to use helicopters, and if that were to happen, he would have to use the Honduran air force. I told him not to worry. He never said a word about the other fighting. It was not until there was tremendous pressure from Washington that the Honduran government began to go public.

On relations within Central America. We held a 14-hour meeting of the five Presidents in May, with no one else present in the room. Azcona said that he told U.S. envoys that they should get the *contras* out of Honduras because they only caused him problems, and that they were getting nowhere in their military campaign. He also asked Nicaragua to understand that he could not simply chase out the *contras*, because Honduras is reliant on the U.S.

Now those currents that challenged U.S. policy in Central America, however meekly, have been severely weakened because there was a direct relationship between the Central American capacity to resist U.S. pressure and congressional resistance. I felt confident that none of them want a war. But they feel bought.

On plans to oppose a U.S. invasion. We couldn't defend ourselves from an air attack. The real fight would be when U.S. troops try to occupy the country. We would fight in the cities. We are not going to run back into the mountains.

On Nicaragua's future. It's not going to be a Cuban model. We had elections five years after our triumph. We have not promoted state collectives. It will not be akin to Honduras or Argentina, where the governments are subject to military blackmail. The revolution is most like the Mexican Revolution when it started.

HUNGARY

Building Freedoms Out of Defeat

János Kádár has transformed his country

The year was 1956. On Nov. 4, 200,000 Soviet troops and hundreds of tanks stormed Hungary to crush a daring and bloody uprising, the most direct challenge to Moscow's postwar hegemony over Eastern Europe before or since. Suicide squads lobbed Molotov cocktails, paving stones and sticks at the invaders. Hungarian patriots, some as young as 13, were cut down in hails of automatic gunfire. Their bodies were added to piles of unburied corpses, dusted with lime, that littered the city. Soviet tanks blasted the façades off downtown buildings trying to stop sniper fire from upper windows. In scarcely more than a week the Hungarian dream of independence was over. A puppet government headed by János Kádár, 44, set about "normalizing" the country through executions, show trials and brutal repression. The purge made Kádár the most hated man in Hungary and won him the epithet the "Butcher of Budapest."

PETER SCHMID

Insurgents at the ready

Three decades later the scene in Budapest could hardly be more changed. The streets once strewn with bodies are jammed with eager shoppers and gaudily garbed Western tourists. Natives and visitors alike stroll the elegant pedestrian mall on Váci Street, past boutiques stuffed with designer fashions and electronics stores filled with imported stereos and home computers. Relaxing in glossy Vorosmarty Square, they may enjoy coffee and pastry at marble-fronted Gerbaud's café. For dinner, they stop at well-appointed restaurants offering rich meals of pork and beef spiced with paprika, groaning dessert carts and good Hungarian wines. By comparison with the rest of Eastern Europe, the life-style in Hungary can be very fine.

Over the years, a unique bargain has been struck between Hungarians and their leaders. In return for conceding Soviet domination of their country, Hungary has been granted special license to dabble in free markets and private initiative. Dubbed "goulash Communism," Hungary's balancing act between socialism and capitalism is János Kádár's legacy to his country. In 30 years, his public image has come full circle. If open elections were held tomorrow, Kádár, at 74, would win by virtual acclamation.

Hungary, though, is now at a crossroads, preparing for the inevitable end of the Kádár era even as some of the bloom has gone from its enviable economic achievements. The economy, which during the 1970s grew at a robust 4.5% annual clip, is now slumping, widening the gap between affluent and less fortunate Hungarians. Private and state-run companies are ringing up huge losses, and traditional export markets are shrinking. Says one Hungarian journalist: "The mood is more unsettled and apprehensive in this country than at any time since 1956."

To a remarkable extent, the history of Hungary since 1956 is the story of one man. Born in a rural town that is now part of Yugoslavia, Kádár was the illegitimate child of a peasant woman. As a youth, he made his way to Budapest and was trained as a typewriter mechanic. When the city erupted in 1930 in bloody workers' riots protesting unemployment, Kádár took part in the fighting. The next year he joined the Federation of Young Communist Workers. In 1942, with Hungary under Nazi occupation, Kádár was jailed. In 1949, after the Communists had come to power, he became Interior Minister. But he quickly fell from favor and spent two more years in prison.

After Stalin's death in 1953, Kádár was released and rehabilitated. He was first secretary of the Communist Party in 1956, just before Prime Minister Imre Nagy announced Hungary's withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact. The Soviet invasion forced Kádár, a consummate pragmatist, to a fateful decision: he defected to the Soviet side and returned as the head of a new, Soviet-sponsored regime.

From the beginning, Kádár knew the course he wanted to follow. One of his first moves after taking office was to call in Hungary's leading economists. In strict secrecy, he asked for a politically possible alternative to the suffocating central planning and collectivism that Stalin had imposed on Eastern Europe. The experts' solution: an economy driven by Western-style market forces but couched in the language and trappings of socialism. Kádár shelved the proposal, believing that it was too radical. But in 1968 he introduced, in slightly revised form, the innovations and reforms that had been proposed twelve years earlier.

Elegant Budapest salon and chic proprietress

The lure of profit: brimming produce stands

Known as the New Economic Mechanism, the program shifted a measure of economic decision making away from the state. Factory managers got a larger say in what they produced. Entrepreneurs were encouraged to open small businesses. Farmers were allowed to sell crops on the open market. Without challenging Moscow directly, the ambitious reforms freed Hungary from many of the stifling restrictions that are built into Soviet-style economies.

Today the experiment is seen as a masterstroke. While Hungary's private sector accounts for no more than 5% of the total work force, it generates an estimated 15% to 20% of the nation's GNP. Other East European countries punish moonlighters, but Hungarians are free to take a second job or work for themselves. Farmers have also responded to the lure of profit. Hungary is free of the perennial food shortages that plague Rumania. It is the only net food exporter in the Warsaw Pact, though crop sales were interrupted this year by the Chernobyl nuclear accident in the Soviet Union.

Hungarians enjoy broad personal freedoms, so long as they do not cross the line of outright political dissent. With a few exceptions, they can travel freely to the West. Hungary stopped jamming Western radio broadcasts in 1964; TV viewers regularly tune in to Vienna programming. In addition, the country has more than 1,500 magazines and newspapers, most of them free of direct government control.

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

Rush-hour commuters flock to Marx Square subway station in the center of the capital

In return for not making political waves, most Hungarians enjoy a comfortable existence

Even politics has been touched by reform, though not enough to arouse Soviet concern. In last year's elections for the national parliament, at least two party-approved candidates vied for each seat. Notes an economist: "In the Warsaw Pact, we are the happiest tent in the camp."

But that self-satisfaction is now seriously threatened. In the first flush of success, Kádár allowed firms to invest in expensive Western technology. Gross foreign debt has mushroomed to $11 billion, which represents the highest per capita figure in Eastern Europe. Meanwhile, Hungarian textiles and manufactured products, though still cheap by U.S. and West European standards, have been undercut by a flood of low-priced goods from the Far East. Result: the first half of 1986 alone produced a $300 million trade deficit.

Alarmed at the political implications of a sputtering economy, Kádár as far back as 1979 put a brake on imports, including technology. But that left key industries without necessary new equipment. And consumers resisted efforts to limit foreign luxury goods.

On a human level, many Hungarians have proved unable to handle the pressures that go with the freedom to succeed or fail. An estimated 15% of the work force takes sedatives on the job. A survey published in March concluded that half of all workers have trouble falling asleep at night as a result of financial worries. By 1980, one-third of the men eligible for military service had been rejected because of neuroses. Hungary traditionally has had a high suicide rate; it now leads the world with 43.5 self-inflicted deaths per 100,000 people, one-third more than runner-up Denmark.

While Kádár was cannily constructing Hungary's halfway-house economy, he scrupulously followed the Soviet line in matters of foreign policy. Hungarian troops took part in the 1968 Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia, and its athletes joined the Soviet-led boycott of the 1984 Summer Olympics. When Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev visited Budapest in June for a Warsaw Pact summit, Kádár guided him through the streets, greeting curious crowds with hearty smiles.

Kádár has also managed to maintain cordial ties with the West. Says one Reagan Administration official: "Relations with Hungary are by far the best in the Soviet bloc. There are virtually no contentious issues."

The guessing about who will succeed Kádár is Budapest's premier parlor game, encouraged by Kádár himself, who like any astute manager knows that prematurely designating a successor causes nothing but trouble for both boss and heir. Károly Németh, 63, is his second in command in the party hierarchy and presumably a contender, though Kádár slyly enjoys appearances that deceive. Other possible candidates: Ferenc Havasi, 57, a chief economic official, who is said to believe that unemployment should be officially recognized; Károly Grosz, 57, a Kádár disciple; Propaganda Boss János Berecz, 57; and Foreign Affairs Specialist Mátyás Szürös, 52.

Hungary's next leader will be shadowed and overshadowed by the larger-than-life legacy of János Kádár. In one of the great twists of modern history, the onetime Butcher of Budapest has emerged as the outstanding Hungarian figure of the 20th century. Asserts one top party official: "We expect that the Kádár era as an idea will continue even after he has left power." So does Kádár, who puts his trust in the popularity of what he has accomplished, a remarkable tribute to himself and his countrymen and the freedoms built out of that total defeat 30 years ago. —*By John Moody. Reported by Kenneth W. Banta/Budapest*

An Interview with Kádár

A Communist who does it his way candidly assesses his aims and achievements

His hands tremble slightly now, and the flesh around his eyes makes them seem smaller than they really are, heightening an occasional glare, muffling his frequent shy smiles. Yet János Kádár still displays the same unexpected charm and cool canniness that have helped make the onetime typewriter mechanic the boldest and most beloved leader in Eastern Europe. Wearing a tailored gray suit and a wine-red silk tie, Kádár chain-smoked Symphonia cigarettes while talking for two hours with a group of TIME *visitors in his office in Budapest's Central Committee headquarters. Any initial reserve that the General Secretary displayed quickly vanished. Present at Kádár's first interview with a U.S. publication in two decades were* TIME *Managing Editor Jason McManus, Chief of Correspondents Henry Muller, Deputy Chief B. William Mader, and Eastern Europe Bureau Chief Kenneth W. Banta. Excerpts from the session, which consisted of answers to written questions followed by a lively, give-and-take discussion:*

Q. Under your leadership Hungary has been more successful economically than most other Council for Mutual Economic Assistance [Comecon] bloc members. How do you explain this performance?

A. In my view there are both common characteristics and particularities in the development of members of the bloc. Since their endowments are different, I can see no reason for the economic results of the individual countries being compared superficially—and even less for their being contrasted.

As for the Hungarian economy, I think we are pursuing a policy whose main lines have been justified by practice. An important factor is that we are a small country of 10 million people, requiring large imports of raw materials and energy. As a result we are heavily influenced by the state of the world economy. That is reflected in our vigorous economic growth from 1960 to 1975, and, later, a slowdown in the rate of development.

We do not underestimate our problems. We have not yet found the formula for a more effective and lasting improvement of the economy. We are not applying the results of science rapidly enough. Some of our products are not competitive enough, and the organization of work leaves much to be desired.

Still, an indication of our overall success is that since 1960 industrial production has increased more than 3½ times, agricultural production has nearly doubled and national income has nearly trebled. That we have held ground, particularly in the past five years, is, I think, of no less significance. In the past few years we have stood the test of unfavorable international economic conditions, halted the process of accumulating debts, preserved the country's solvency, and even slightly improved upon our achievements. It proves that the political and economic foundations of our society are firm. When accounting for these results, I should like to lay particular emphasis on the fact that our people feel this country belongs to them.

CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

1986: the leader in his office beneath portrait of Lenin

To sum up, let me say that in the past four decades we have built a new country here along the Danube and Tisza rivers, namely socialist Hungary, whose people are incomparably better off both materially and culturally than ever before and enjoy more extensive rights and greater freedom and democracy than at any other time during their long history.

Q. The Hungarian economy now appears to be facing some problems familiar to the West, including a slowdown in growth, inflation and the threat of unemployment. How do you plan to deal with these problems?

A. In some respects, there are similarities. In the past few years we had to reduce our rate of growth temporarily, due to weakness in the world economy and the need to improve the stability of our own economy. But in the five-year plan that began this year, we would like to achieve an annual GNP growth rate of 3%. This rate would enable us to continue necessary restructuring of the economy, to upgrade technology, and to raise the living standard while reducing the rate of inflation. Unemployment, a serious problem for Western countries, is unknown in Hungary.

Q. How do you view relations between the U.S. and Hungary? In what areas is an improvement necessary and possible?

A. In the past two decades joint efforts have gradually removed the obstacles to good relations. Despite the differences in social systems and the great geographical distance, we can further strengthen the ties. A major contribution to this would be an end to all trade barriers between our two countries, and long-term assurance of most-favored-nation treatment.

Q. There have been indications that Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev wants to draw his East European allies economically and politically nearer to the Soviet Union. What is your reaction to this idea? What is the importance and the future of Hungary's close ties with the West?

A. As you know, Hungary is a member of the Warsaw Pact and Comecon, groups of independent socialist countries. For them the main issue is improving their existing cooperation, and not to set up the dilemma of "drawing nearer" or "increasing the distance." Mikhail Gorbachev spoke about our cooperation in that spirit at his 27th Party Congress and in other statements.

That cooperation, however, does not mean seclusion from the rest of the world. Hungary today exports to 143 and imports from 103 countries. Many years of observation indicate that the stronger the economic cooperation between socialist and capitalist countries, the firmer are the foundations for building their political relations. The converse is also true: when the political atmosphere is improving, economic cooperation is encouraged. This is obviously not a one-way street. Politicians of the capitalist countries have pointed out themselves the advantage of cooperating with socialist countries, including additional employment and marketing opportunities.

Q. Gorbachev's style of leadership has led to the replacement of many top party officials in the Soviet Union, especially of the older generation. How do you view this development?

A. That is an internal affair of the Soviet party and the Soviet Union. Of course, the personal factor always influences the making of a policy. For us Hungarians, it is the main political line of the Soviet Union that chiefly matters. The leadership of our party welcomed without reservations the important decisions made at the 27th Congress earlier this year because they point in the same direction as our own endeavors.

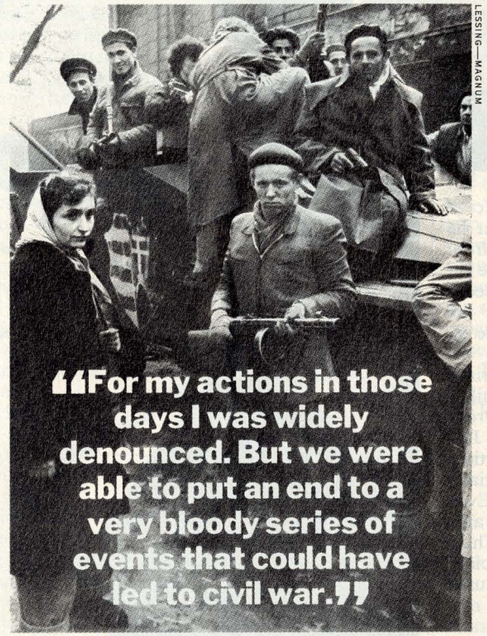
Kádár passed a signed copy of his written answers across the table. The General Secretary then lit a cigarette and leaned toward his visitors. "Now," he said, "I am at your disposal."

Q. If you had to choose just one achievement of the past 30 years that you would most like to be remembered for, what would it be?

A. I usually do not think about that, but if you ask me, two things come to mind. The first is not high politics, but a personal matter. When I was a young man I became a Communist at a time when they did not hand out awards for it. I joined the underground and the party because of my conviction. I believed in that ideal, but it was not certain I would live to see the ideal come true. Now I can say I have lived to that point, to the birth of a new Hungary.

The second relates to the very grave and difficult period that occurred in Hungary in 1956. It was a situation in which I felt I had to take a strong stand, to assume an important position. There were others who could have done the job, but it fell to me. I did not seek it.

At that time Hungary was in the forefront of international interest for a number of reasons. My purpose was to remove Hungary from the front pages, and gradually we succeeded. For my actions in those days I was widely denounced, especially in the West. I was called all kinds of unpleasant names. But we were able to put an end to a very bloody series of events that could have led to civil war. Things became normal and gradually another favorable approach emerged with regard to our country. This was due, among other things, to our efforts to avoid ready-made solutions, trying to see the world as it is.



LESSING-MAGNUM

1956: freedom fighters in Budapest during revolution

Q. Gorbachev was here for a visit before the Warsaw Pact summit in Budapest two months ago. Did he come to teach or to learn?

A. At meetings of this kind, teachers and students do not negotiate. Of course there is an exchange of experiences, but it is impossible to apply those in a pattern-like manner. I think that many things we do in this country Gorbachev cannot accept, which is quite understandable. The conditions and possibilities of the Soviet Union are quite different from ours. I can definitely say the Soviets understand and appreciate that we search for new solutions to present problems. I would like to single out our system of economic management, which I would describe as a socialist planned economy that pays attention to the market. Our system has been operating for 18 years, and that indicates it is a realistic system. We have reorganized our agriculture completely in a way that has been accepted by the farmers. We do not interfere in how cooperatives are run. How should I know, for example, who should be leading a cooperative? They choose their own managers and decide what they should produce. The results are tangible, this is undeniable.

Q. In 30 years in power you seem to have avoided creating a cult of personality. Was this a deliberate strategy or simply the unintended result of your own personal style and instincts?

A. I have never been interested in rank and to a certain extent even in popularity. In my view, anyone who thinks he creates history is stupid. Everyone should attend to the job at hand. If it becomes a part of history, so be it.

I have always stuck to my positions, and I have always paid the necessary price. To be on good terms with the world, you must have a good and clear conscience. Ordinary men do not spend a lot of time looking at themselves in the mirror. But it is important that when you *do* look in the mirror, you should not feel ashamed.

Q. What is your concept of democracy under socialism?

A. Democracy is an essence of our political system, which means that it is a serious matter. We wish to strengthen the democratic features of Hungary without changing the basic structures. It is a sad but historic fact that Hungary has had no considerable traditions of democracy. The development of democracy is a manifold task. Just to give you an example, I would mention the trade unions, which are not independent but autonomous. We take that seriously. We do not pass resolutions that are binding on the unions. Instead, we feel it is up to party members in the unions to convince the people there by argument, and it is a principle we maintain.

Q. What guarantee is there that the achievements of the past 30 years can be preserved in the future?

A. I believe the Hungarian public appreciates the achievements of the past 30 years, that there is law-and-order, that everyone who wants to work can, that the living standards have improved. People are aware of this. They do not talk about it every day—instead, they set claims for what they miss. This is understandable. But if people see our achievements are in danger, they will defend them.

Q. Has it been decided who will be your successor?

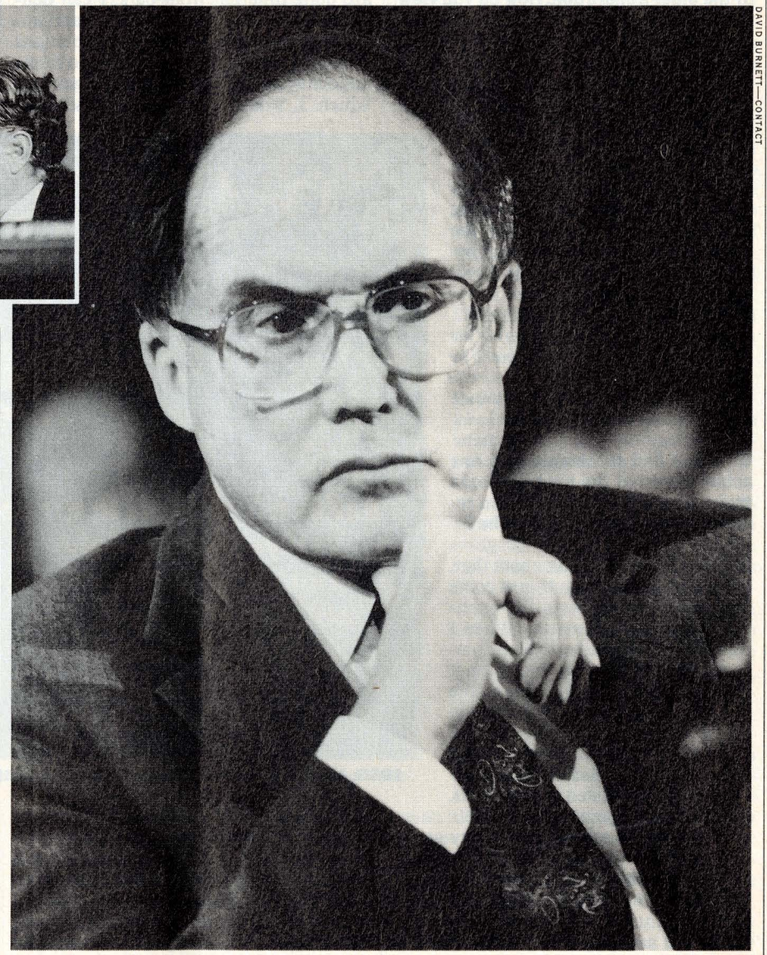
A. The succession question is, of course, interesting, but I am not interested in dealing with the question. I believe that more important than the personal issue is that when I leave this job there will be no change in the main line of policy. I am deeply convinced about this. There are several guarantees. Among them the most important is the fact that our present policies have been shaped in open political activity, with masses of people involved.

As for the personal factor, I have always stood for broad autonomy for people in key positions who are my close associates. Under our system we take collective decisions, but the implementation of those decisions is the responsibility of the individual. So I am not too concerned about the succession. In a sense, you know, there is always a successor. Even in 1956 there was one. ■

Through the Wringer

A Senate panel questions Rehnquist on race and his past

DIANA WALKER



DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT

Under the gun: Reagan's nominee parries questions from Senators Biden and Kennedy, top left

Embarrassing revelations about his property and allegations about his views on minorities.

Tough questions about his civil rights views. Allegations that he tried to prevent minorities from being allowed to vote. Obscure yet embarrassing revelations about the deeds to his homes. A showdown with the White House about memos he wrote on the eve of Watergate.

Last week's confirmation hearings must have seemed an all-too-familiar nightmare to William Rehnquist, President Reagan's nominee to be Chief Justice, who first went through this particular mill in 1971 when he was initially nominated to the Supreme Court. Even with a redoubtable conservative ally, North Carolina Republican Strom Thurmond, at the helm of the Senate Judiciary Committee, the rumpled and bemused Rehnquist suffered some turbulent moments at the hands of liberal Democratic committee members like Ted Kennedy and Joe Biden. Although the heated hearings were not expected to hurt Rehnquist's chances of confirmation as the 16th Chief Justice of the U.S. when the full Senate votes in September, they raised some sticky questions about his sensitivity to racial issues.

Most damaging were the charges that in the early '60s Rehnquist intimidated black and Hispanic voters at polling places in Phoenix, where he was then a local Republican activist, by questioning their ability to read. Until 1964, it was legal in Arizona to challenge a person's right to vote on the grounds of illiteracy. In a 1971 letter to the Senate after his confirmation hearings, Rehnquist stated categorically that he had not "personally engaged in challenging the credentials of any voter." This time around he was more circumspect. First he claimed that his function on Election Day was to provide legal advice to Republicans assigned the task of challenging voters' credentials. Then, peppering his testimony with "I don't recall"s, he said he did not believe he had ever challenged any voter.

A far less benevolent picture of his activities emerged from the testimony of four new witnesses. Psychology Professor Sydney Smith, a Democratic poll watcher at the time, said that in the '60s he saw Rehnquist go up to two black men at the polls and say to them, "You're not able to read, are you? You have no business being here." San Francisco Attorney James Brosnahan, an Assistant U.S. Attorney in Phoenix in 1962, specifically contradicted Rehnquist's sworn testimony. Brosnahan recalled how he was summoned by panicky voters and officials to a precinct where Rehnquist was a challenger. Brosnahan said he assumed that it was Rehnquist's "blanket" challenges of black and Hispanic voters that had led to the tense situation, though he had not personally seen Rehnquist challenge anyone. Nonetheless, he testified that Rehnquist's conduct "was designed to reduce the number of black and Hispanic voters by confrontation and intimidation." But Vincent Maggiore, then chairman of the Phoenix-area Democratic Party, said he had never heard any negative reports about Rehnquist's Election Day activities. "All of these things," he said, "would have come through me."

On the personal side, the FBI discovered in a routine check that Rehnquist had bought two houses that were subject to discriminatory deed restrictions. The deed to his current summer home in Greensboro, Vt., which he bought in 1974, includes a clause barring sale of the house to "anyone of the Hebrew race." The restrictive clause was not part of the standard printed document, but had been typed in specifically. Rehnquist never signed the deed and said he was only recently aware of the restriction's existence. He said he found the restriction "obnoxious," as well as unenforceable under a 1948 Supreme Court ruling.

It was also disclosed that Rehnquist once owned another home, in Phoenix, whose deed included a covenant prohibiting transfer to anyone not of the "Caucasian race." Rehnquist could not recall having seen the deed, which he never signed. In response to sharp questioning by Kennedy, Rehnquist characterized the terms of the deed as "very offensive."

Democrats on the committee tried to obtain a number of memos written by Rehnquist from 1969 to 1971, when he was head of the Justice Department's Office of Legal Counsel. The position was a sensitive one during the Nixon era; Rehnquist was writing on such subjects as civil liberties, government surveillance of radical groups and wiretapping shortly before the Watergate scandal broke. The Reagan Administration refused to allow the committee to see the documents, citing Executive privilege. Kennedy angrily characterized the refusal as "stonewalling, pure and simple." By week's end the Democrats did not have enough votes to subpoena the documents, but committee members continued to negotiate with the Justice Department for limited access.

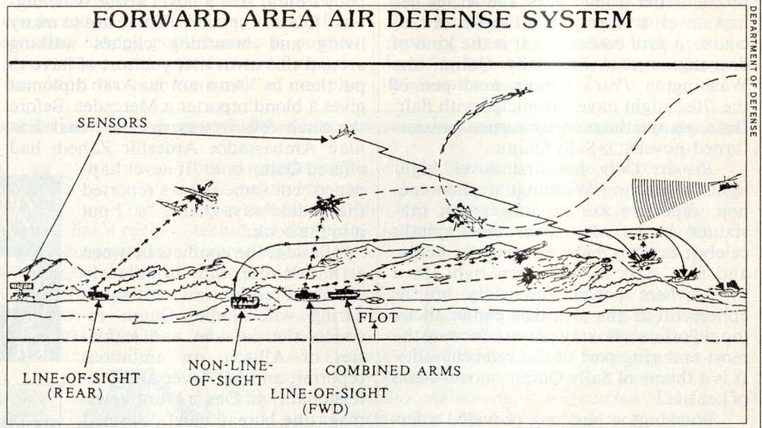
Rehnquist's Democratic opponents have focused on specific points, searching for outright personal misconduct. Their opposition to Rehnquist, however, is basically along ideological lines: he is the most ardent and consistent conservative on the court. Some scholars, including Harvard Law Professor Laurence Tribe, have urged a forthright challenge to appointees on ideological grounds, as was often the case in the 19th century. Today, however, the Senate tends to look for a smoking gun. Thus the Democrats have chosen to steer clear of an ideological battle this time around, relying instead on digging into some distasteful but probably not disqualifying incidents in Rehnquist's past. ***—By Amy Wilentz. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington***

Son of the Sergeant York

Unfazed by that fiasco, the Army has a new fad called FAAD

By the time it was canceled last year, the Army's proposed Sergeant York division air-defense (DIVAD) gun had become a symbol of a procurement process gone haywire. After the Pentagon spent $1.8 billion and ten years developing the tank-mounted, radar-guided gun, field tests showed that it had trouble hitting a hovering helicopter. The fiasco left the Army without a weapon to counter the Soviets' high-performance aircraft and growing fleet of nimble helicopters. Some reformers urged the Army to consider simpler and more reliable weapons, perhaps a version of the existing Rapier or the Roland missile systems. But the Army decided otherwise. Enter FAAD (for forward-area air-defense system).

In a pitch last week to a Pentagon review board, Army officials got preliminary approval for a system far more elaborate than the Sergeant York. Although the Army says it could build the FAAD system for $9.3 billion, critics argue that it would cost two or three times as much. The proposed FAAD is nothing less than an entire package of weapons to deal with enemy air power in the forward area of a land battle. "In place of a weapon," explains Army Lieut. Colonel Craig Mac Nab, "we're proposing a system."



DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

The Pentagon's conception of how the new air-defense system is supposed to work

FAAD would use heavy missiles on an armored chassis in conjunction with lighter missiles carried by trucks. In building the Sergeant York, the Army had trouble deciding whether to arm it with missiles or guns. This time it chose both. FAAD would also include .50-cal. guns on M-1 tanks and 25-mm cannons on Bradley infantry fighting vehicles. In theory, the elements would work together through a system of airborne and ground-based sensing devices.

One promising component of the system, which the Army originally balked at including, is the so-called FOG-M (for fiber-optic guided missile), a ground-launched missile with a television camera in the nose. Steered toward its target by an operator who sees through a gossamer fiber-optic thread that spins out from behind as the missile flies, the weapon's 6-lb. warhead spells almost certain destruction to an enemy tank.

According to Army Under Secretary James Ambrose, the Sergeant York illustrated the point that "no single weapon could do the job alone." What concerns critics, however, is the complexity of the systems approach, which the Army is so proud of. Predicts an engineer with a major defense contractor: "FAAD is going to make the Sergeant York fiasco look like a Sunday picnic."

The Army, which has the worst procurement bureaucracy of all the services, still seems to design weapons by committee, with every bell and whistle thrown into the conglomeration. Says Defense Consultant Steven Canby: "The Army simply doesn't have the people who know something about technology. They put some infantry officer in charge of this program, when they need a technology expert."

There is no doubt that the Army needs a new battlefield air-defense system. The problem with FAAD, however, is that it could collapse under its own weight, leaving this critical need unmet. Army officials conceded to a House subcommittee early this year that the final price tag could be as high as $22 billion. Warns Oregon Republican Congressman Denny Smith: "The Army is going into a $20 billion swamp. The chances are good that it can spend billions and lose another decade, and still not have an effective air-defense weapon." ***—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Bruce van Voorst/Washington***

DIANA WALKER

Basking in the limelight: Quinn heads up Washington's new breed of celebrity

Stars in Their Own Write

Sally Quinn skewers (and exemplifies) Washington's new elite

Think of it. A blond and brazen newspaper reporter makes her mark as a merciless critic of Washington's Balzacian social scene. She marries the boss, moves into a mansion and becomes more of a star than most of the characters she used to profile. After a few years, she writes her first novel, a steamy social satire and, of course, a sure best seller. It is the kind of dizzying ascent that Sally Quinn, the Washington *Post's* famous acid pen of the '70s, might have chronicled with flair. But she can't: the reporter-turned-hostess-turned-novelist *is* Sally Quinn.

Regrets Only, her first novel, highlights a growing Washington phenomenon: reporters are no longer just ink-stained hacks who cover the capital's celebrities; they have become, in fiction and fact, stars in their own right. In a town where power and glory are as ephemeral as the jobs that confer them, top reporters who stay put can become the most enduring part of the celebrity elite. It is a theme of Sally Quinn's novel—and of her life.

Washington has long provided a fertile setting for satirical novels. The classic of the genre is Henry Adams' *Democracy,* published in 1880, which bitingly portrayed the social and political corruption of the time. This year has produced Christopher Buckley's *The White House Mess,* a comedy about Administration intrigue, and John Ehrlichman's *The China Card,* a thriller loosely based on the China policy of his former boss President Nixon. Particularly since Watergate, journalists have attained star quality, becoming part of the panoply of fictional heroes and villains. Indeed, *Regrets Only* hit Washington at the same time as the movie version of *Heartburn,* Nora Ephron's fictionalized account of the breakup of her marriage to Watergate Sleuth Carl Bernstein.

The settings of *Regrets Only*—a major Washington newsroom, high-powered dinner parties—are unmistakably Sally Quinn's turf. Hostesses are grasping, Senators calculating, and just about everybody randy. "It's a novel about Washington," Quinn explains. "There are so many living and breathing clichés walking around this town that you sort of have to put them in." An amorous Arab diplomat gives a blond reporter a Mercedes. Before the Shah fell, it was rumored that Iranian Ambassador Ardeshir Zahedi had offered Quinn one. "It never happened, but some papers reported that it did," says Quinn, "so I put it in the book."

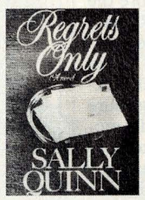
Besides the conflicts between a handsome but hopelessly starchy President and his smoldering wife Sadie, Quinn recounts the passions and jealousies of Allison, an ambitious reporter, and her lover and professional rival Des, a blunt newsmagazine bureau chief. "Jesus, I don't know why I'm so horny all of a sudden," Des says. "I guess nothing turns me on like a good story." To Washingtonians, the two sound suspiciously like Quinn and her husband Ben Bradlee, the executive editor of the Washington *Post* and a former *Newsweek* bureau chief. "Both Allison and Sadie are partly me," Quinn confesses. "Some of Des is Ben, some isn't."

Quinn had A-list sources for her research. Nancy Reagan's former social secretary, Muffie Brandon, explained the intricacies of a White House state dinner. At a party, Joan Mondale helped Quinn figure out how a sitting Vice President's wife could sneak out of her official residence for a tryst. Quinn then sauntered over to a nonplussed Walter Mondale and announced, "Your wife just told me how she could have had an affair."

The temptation to read *Regrets Only* as a roman à clef is only natural when the author's own well-publicized life has been as tempestuous as that of her fictional characters. Throughout the '70s, Quinn was a glamorous reporter in a town with little glitz and few female journalists. She had worked as a social secretary for the Algerian embassy before Bradlee hired her to cover parties for the *Post.* (When critics groused that she had no writing experience, Bradlee replied, "Nobody's perfect.") Specializing in clever, stinging personality pieces, she very quickly earned the nickname Poison Quinn.

Her stories were avidly read; her romance with Bradlee was just as closely followed. Around town, "Ben and Sally" became as identifiable a shorthand as "Charles and Di." After they were married in 1978, Quinn left the *Post,* won a huge contract from Simon & Schuster for a novel, had a baby boy and learned the frustrations of being a Washington wife. "People would come to me and say, 'Hi, Sally, how are things, where is Ben?' " she recalls. "All of a sudden, I didn't have an identity of my own. On the place card I was Mrs. Ben Bradlee."

Reviews of *Regrets* have been mixed. The Washington *Post's,* assigned to an outside critic, complains that Quinn's rather one-dimensional characters are as "stunningly flawless" as those of Judith Krantz and Sidney Sheldon but that her storytelling falls way short of either blockbuster writer's. In *Vanity Fair,* Christopher Buckley says of Quinn's sex-obsessed view of Washington, "All this doesn't much remind me of the same town I live in and love."



But Buckley, who has been both a speechwriter for Vice President George Bush and a journalist, is well acquainted with the social role reporters play in the power elite they cover. "All Sally's characters feel they are more important than the politicians," he says. "And in a way, she is right: journalists here are more important." Well, up to a point. It seemed so last month at a private Washington showing of *Heartburn,* where Quinn and Bradlee were the star guests. In the way that high life imitates low art, the screening resembled a party scene from Ephron's screenplay or Quinn's book. As the cream of Georgetown media elite swapped gossip and ate pasta, Quinn had the limelight, working the crowd like one of her fictional characters, or like the subject of one of her old newspaper profiles. *—By Alessandra Stanley/Washington*

An Inmate and a Gentleman

Young felons are reformed at a prison "boot camp"

The midday sun blazes over a yard at the Mississippi State Penitentiary in Parchman. Enter three new arrivals in clean jump suits, their possessions bundled in white sheets. The other inmates, skinheaded and clad in sweaty green jump suits, watch as prison officers in camouflage uniforms set upon the trio. "Can't you move any faster than that, son?" barks an officer, after ordering the new men to unpack and then repack their belongings. One panicked inmate starts to respond. Snarls the officer: "You don't ask me questions, son! Do you understand that?" "Yessir." "I can't hear you. Speak up, son!" "Yessir!" Minutes later, the young men are sitting in straight-backed chairs having their hair mowed to a stubble.

Welcome to Parchman's "boot camp" prison. Officially known as the Regimented Inmate Discipline program, it is a paramilitary project designed to discourage young, first-time felons from pursuing a life of crime. Under constant harassment from prison officers, the participants are put through a regimen of grueling exercise and labor. After 90 days, the burglars, robbers and petty dope pushers are supposed to be transformed into confident, upstanding citizens.

"We would hope they find it a distasteful experience," says Parchman Superintendent Donald Cabana. "Distasteful enough that they don't want to come back to prison." Of the more than 300 felons who have graduated from the 15-month-old program, only eight have returned to prison, a rate 35% lower than the normal return rate. Says Elzy Smith, a circuit-court judge who would rather sentence some first-time offenders to RID than grant them probation: "It's the best thing to come down the pike since I've been on the bench."

THOMAS S. ENGLAND

A drill instructor leads miscreants in calisthenics

For RID participants, the day starts at 4:30 a.m. After calisthenics and breakfast, drill instructors inspect lockers while inmates stand rigidly at attention. By 8 o'clock, it is time for military maneuvers, conducted to the cadence of the drill instructor. Sloppy performance is punishable by an on-the-spot demand for push-ups. Most recruits are quick to comply, since they are being graded on physical training, response to authority and motivation. Low marks can result in an extension of time in the program.

Each participant undergoes "psychocorrectional therapy," which includes lectures and discussions on fighting criminal behavior. Inmates listen to motivational tapes with titles like "Think Positive" and "Improving Relationships." Psychologist Nanolla Yazdani leads spirited talks on psychology and decision making. "You have the guts to break the law," he admonishes. "I want you to have the guts to break your bad habits too." Says he: "The closest thing to what we do is a brain transplant."

Despite RID's ominous undertones of *A Clockwork Orange,* most inmates speak highly of the program. "I feel better about myself than I have since I was in the service," says Russell Thomason, 22, who entered Parchman after violating probation on a drug charge.

Overcrowded prisons and the high cost of housing inmates are prompting more states to consider alternative types of sentencing like boot-camp prisons. Louisiana, South Carolina and possibly Michigan are planning similar programs. Oklahoma and Georgia within the past three years have opened camps as successful as the one in Parchman. Says David Jordan of the Georgia department of corrections: "We tear them down, then build them up, we hope, with a sense of responsibility, respect for others and a work ethic—things most of them have never had in their lives." *—By Jacob V. Lamar Jr. Reported by Don Winbush/Parchman*

Battling over Pit Bulls

Short, stocky and muscular, the pit bullterrier has a reputation for viciousness, so much so that Adventurer-Author Jack London once characterized it as "clinging death." Bred as a dogged fighter, the pit bull uses powerful jaws to grip and shake its victim until the flesh tears loose.

Unfortunately some pit bulls have been unleashing that aggression on humans. As 18-month-old Claremont Brown lay by his mother's feet in the backyard of a family friend's home two weeks ago in Westminster, Calif., he was set upon by a pit bull. Dragging the child 20 feet before his mother could intervene, the dog mauled the baby's face so badly that it may require years of plastic surgery to repair the damage. Earlier this summer, in Ramsay, Mich., a pit bull broke out of its owner's yard and wandered into a neighbor's. There it pounced on Kyle Corullo, a 20-month-old, and thrashed him about like a stuffed toy. Kyle died of a broken neck before police arrived and shot the animal.

As a result of such attacks, numerous U.S. cities have tried to outlaw the breed. Most laws banning the pit bull get thrown out in court. Judges usually find that because the term pit bull means any one of three breeds, as well as crosses with these breeds, it is difficult to define legally. A more successful technique for protecting the public may be to pass ordinances making owners of any dog responsible for harm inflicted by their pets.

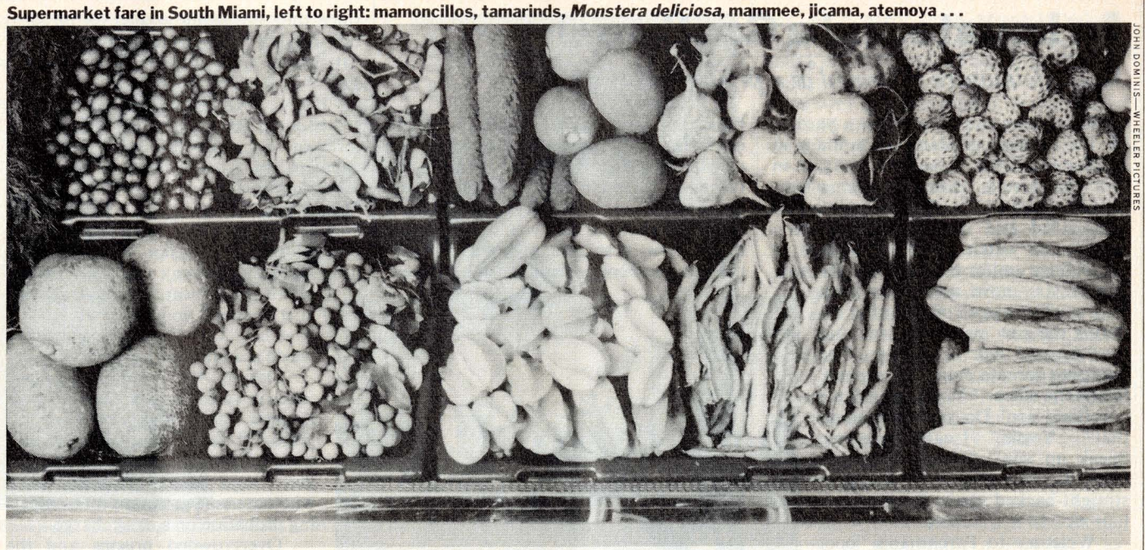
HANTLEY—DETROIT FREE PRESS

Handling a dog after an attack

Some estimates place the total number of pit bulls as high as 500,000. The continued popularity of dog fighting, which has been hard to stop even though it is a felony in 29 states, has helped create a booming market for the terriers. For some, a pit bull is a macho statement. Veterinarian David Dunn says, "A lot of people want them for the wrong reasons."

The dogs' well-organized lovers assail all such criticism of their pets as unfair. They insist that the pit bull is a friendly animal whose behavior depends on how it is treated and trained. Says Robert Rush of the Los Angeles department of animal regulation: "It's not a dog problem; it's a people problem." Contends Bill Leamer, an officer of Missouri's Sho-Me Pit Bull Club: "There's no dog that has a bigger heart. You can just feel the love coming from this dog." For those who have felt the pit bull's teeth rather than its love, that is a difficult sentiment to accept.

Supermarket fare in South Miami, left to right: mamoncillos, tamarinds, *Monstera deliciosa*, mammee, jicama, atemoya . . .



JOHN DOMINIS—WHEELER PICTURES

. . . breadfruit, longan berry, carambola (star fruit), winged beans and bitter melon

Food

A Is for Apple? No, Atemoya

Exotic produce is the new thrill for jaded palates

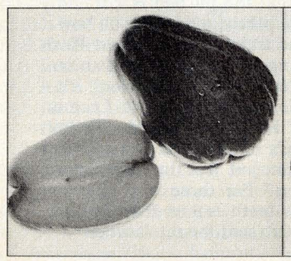
Cherimoya. Jicama. Loquat. Malanga. Tamarillo. Ceriman. Carambola. Chayote. Mammee. Pomelo. Kiwano. Yuca. At first glance, the names seem to be the language of a mystical incantation. In fact, they could be a shopping list of produce to be purchased at the supermarket.

No longer satisfied with apples and oranges, peas and beans, a growing number of Americans are titillating their restless palates with exotic fruits and vegetables. Mostly tropical and native to Asia, Latin America and the Caribbean, this colorful harvest used to be found only in ethnic neighborhoods. Now many of these edibles are becoming standards, not only at high-fashion greengrocers but in the supermarkets of several major chains. "Foods that look strange now (as ginger, shallots, bean sprouts and even avocados did not so long ago) may soon be common in our culinary vocabulary," writes Elizabeth Schneider in her carefully detailed and timely new buying guide and cookbook, *Uncommon Fruits & Vegetables, A Commonsense Guide* (Harper & Row; $25).

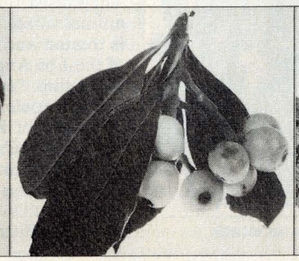
That prediction is already coming true. According to Harold Seybert, owner of Fairway Fruits & Vegetables on Manhattan's West Side, such fruits as papayas, mangoes and kiwis can no longer be considered exotic. "I sell 100 cases of kiwis a week, with 33 in each case. That's 3,300 kiwis," he marvels in disbelief. "The yuppies will buy items that are different, regardless of price." Pointing to a Mexican green-skinned cherimoya ($6.50 each), which resembles a large hand grenade and tastes like a creamy apple (hence the nickname custard apple), Seybert says, "I sell 80 lbs. a week. My head is not trained for this."

Not all new offerings meet with equal success. Among recent marketing failures at Fairway, Seybert cites the ugli, a yellow, rough-skinned fruit from Jamaica that looks like a woebegone grapefruit and tastes like a second-rate one.

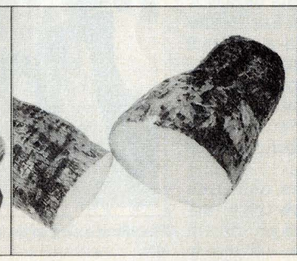
Yuppies alone do not account for this vogue. Also nibbling on the botanical wild side are serious connoisseurs and health buffs, who for once agree about food. Introduced to these products either by travel or by the immigrants who first imported them, inventive chefs have placed these ingredients on their menus, thereby reaping generous helpings of publicity and attracting a thrill-seeking clientele. Always in search of something new to add to their salads, the health-minded value fruits and vegetables because they have no cholesterol and are generally low in sodium and calories and high in several nutrients. Finally, improved refrigeration and transportation make it possible to ship produce to far-off places, a consideration that will probably become less important as American farmers continue to experiment with these varieties. The appeal of these new products is not limited to New York and California, as food trends so often are. In Chicago, the current rage is jicama (pronounced *hee-kahmah*), a knobby, earth-colored tuber



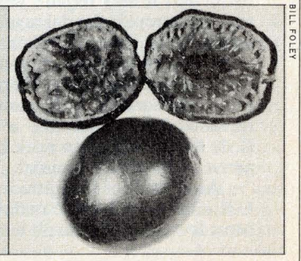
Chayote, soft and watery



Loquats, apricot-like fruits



Malanga, a nut-flavored tuber



Passion fruit, sour and silky

BILL POLEY

© 1982 SAGOC All rights reserved

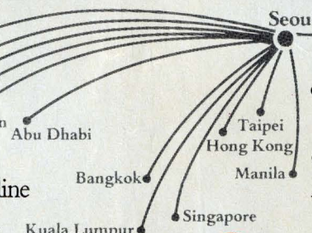
FLY TO THE ASIAN GAMES WITH THE STRONG FAVORITES.

This September, Asia's finest athletes will be competing for honors at the tenth Asian Games in Seoul.

And there's no better way to cheer them on than by flying the airline that has already been honored — Korean Air.

Korean Air has been named the official carrier for the games. And with good reason. We offer non-stop flights to Seoul from all the major cities in Asia. With superb service, frequent schedules, and all the comfort and convenience of Prestige Class.

Fly to see the champions with the champions. Korean Air. The Official Airline of the 1986 Asian Games.



KOREAN AIR
OFFICIAL AIRLINE OF THE 1986 ASIAN GAMES.

SIEMENS

Diagnosis without X-rays

Magnetic Resonance Imaging is a revolutionary new method for acquiring vital medical information – non-invasively, without X-ray radiation.

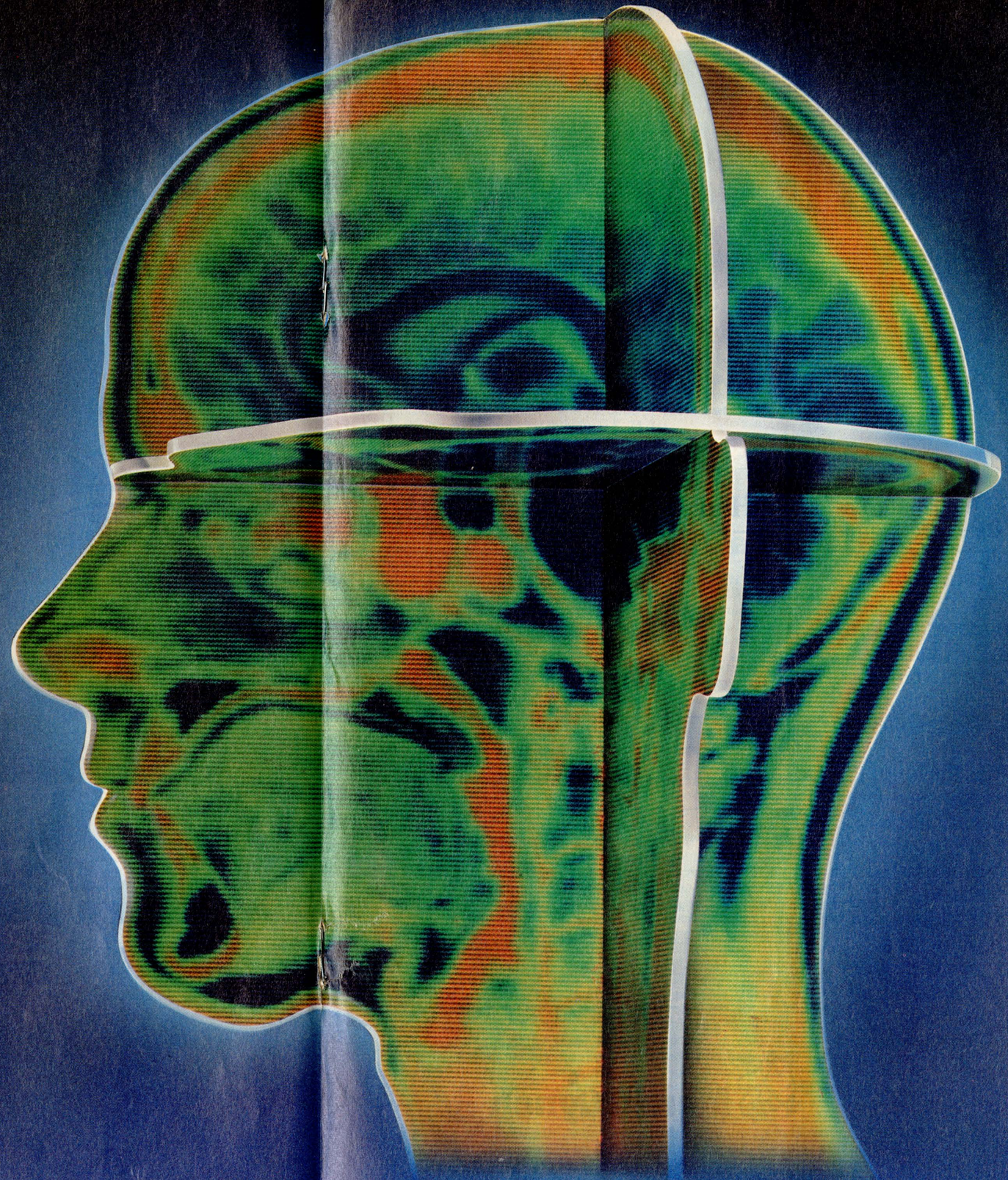
It shows tissues and organs with a clarity never before possible. And Siemens is on the leading edge of this technology.

In today's healthcare environment, the real innovation is to make high technology cost-effective. We use in-house expertise in electronics and medicine to bring this breakthrough to the community hospital.

Only high technology will solve the problems of our future: in development and application, Siemens is out in front.

For further information please write to:
Siemens AG, ZVW 16
P.O.B. 103a
D-8000 München 1

High-tech from Siemens



A19100-F9601-Z507-V1-7600

Now Merrill Lynch brings you investment opportunities of global proportions.

Strong performances in the international markets and steady economic growth worldwide afford attractive opportunities to invest in shares on a global basis.

The Merrill Lynch research team—rated number one in the United States—has issued a special international report that highlights the advantages of a global investment approach.

The report examines the long-term prospects and risks associated with investing in international shares. It also identifies 29 quality issues and provides a guide to help you in timing your purchases.

For your free copy of *Investing in International Stocks,* contact the nearest Merrill Lynch office or phone us at the number above the coupon. Or just mail the coupon today.

In Hong Kong call 5-2678678.

Mail to: Mr. Thomas MacAdams Deford
Merrill Lynch-Sun Hung Kai
(Overseas Securities) Co. Ltd.
St. Georges Building
2 Ice House Street
12th Floor
Hong Kong

☐ Please send me your free report, *Investing in International Stocks.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

Country_____ Postal Code_____

Business Phone_____

Home Phone_____

Merrill Lynch clients, please give name and office address of Financial Consultant:_____

TM 8/11

© 1986 Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc. Member SIPC.

Merrill Lynch

Food

from Mexico; it looks rather like a giant water chestnut, which is just about what this crisp, icy salad vegetable tastes like. Jicama has been heavily promoted at the 87 Dominick's supermarkets, with good results. "We used to sell a case per store every other week or so," says Mario Zullo, the chain's head produce buyer. "Now we sell two to three cases per store each week. It has become a part of our everyday produce." Nor is jicama alone in beguiling Midwestern palates. Reports Jack Cerniglia, of the large Chicago wholesale firm La Preferida: "Four years ago, we ordered just 400 lbs. of different Oriental products in a week. Now we get 6,000 lbs. a week. It's gone crazy, this business."

The big I-told-you-so winner in the exotic vegetable game is Frieda Caplan, 63, the exuberant, feisty spirit behind Frieda's Finest/Produce Specialties, a Los Angeles wholesaler. Widely credited with introducing the New Zealand kiwi into the U.S. 24 years ago, she good-naturedly gloats, "When I said it was going to be a major market, people laughed at me." Indeed, Caplan has the last laugh: she now ships 150 to 200 items all over the country at any given time. Besides such novelty vegetables as sugar-snap peas, pearl onions and spaghetti squash, she stocks Asian pears from Japan, loquats from Chile and Mexican Burro bananas. Inspired by her success with the kiwi, Caplan has gone back to New Zealand for tamarillos (tart, egg-shaped tree tomatoes), pepinos (purple-striped golden melons with a silken texture and a flavor reminiscent of pears and honey) and kiwanos, which she describes as the "weirdest looking fruit." They are brilliant orange on the outside and bright green within, and have a banana-lime flavor.

As with such fashionable and freakish variations as golden beets, purple peppers, white eggplants, blue potatoes, red artichokes and doll-size vegetables, much of this exotica is more interesting to the eye than the palate. Beautiful but without much discernible flavor are the fanciful winged string beans from the Philippines, while Southeast Asia's carambola, or star fruit, has crispness as its sole virtue. The ceriman, or *Monstera deliciosa,* from Mexico, a long, scaly dark green fruit, is a pallid, mildly sour, near taste-alike of pineapple combined with banana. The provocatively named passion fruit, though adding a bright sophisticated flavor to sherbets and creamy desserts, is unpleasantly cloying when eaten plain. Finally, there is the soft, watery chayote, a green squashlike vegetable well known in Louisiana as the mirliton, where it attains high culinary distinction only after being baked with an herbaceous stuffing of shrimp and crab meat.

But bland flavors apparently do not discourage consumers who seem hungry to eat the words they cannot even pronounce. ***—By Mimi Sheraton. Reported by Marilyn Balamaci/Chicago and Paul A. Witteman/San Francisco***

MURRAE HAYNES

The monarch and his courtiers: a problem of so much excess baggage

Music

Endless Journey

A bore in Santa Fe

It is a truism that opera librettos offer farfetched plots filled with dubious twists and fishy coincidences. Verdi's *Il Trovatore,* a tale of gypsies, stolen babies and terminally mistaken identity, is the perfect example. A truism, however, is not necessarily the truth. Every opera that has made it into the standard repertoire has a libretto that uniquely suits the situation envisioned by the composer as he gives it voice in song. A good libretto works in partnership with the music to create a dramatic entity greater than both. If seductive melodies were all there is to opera, Schubert's *Alfonso und Estrella* and Weber's *Oberon* would be as popular as *La Bohème* and *Carmen.*

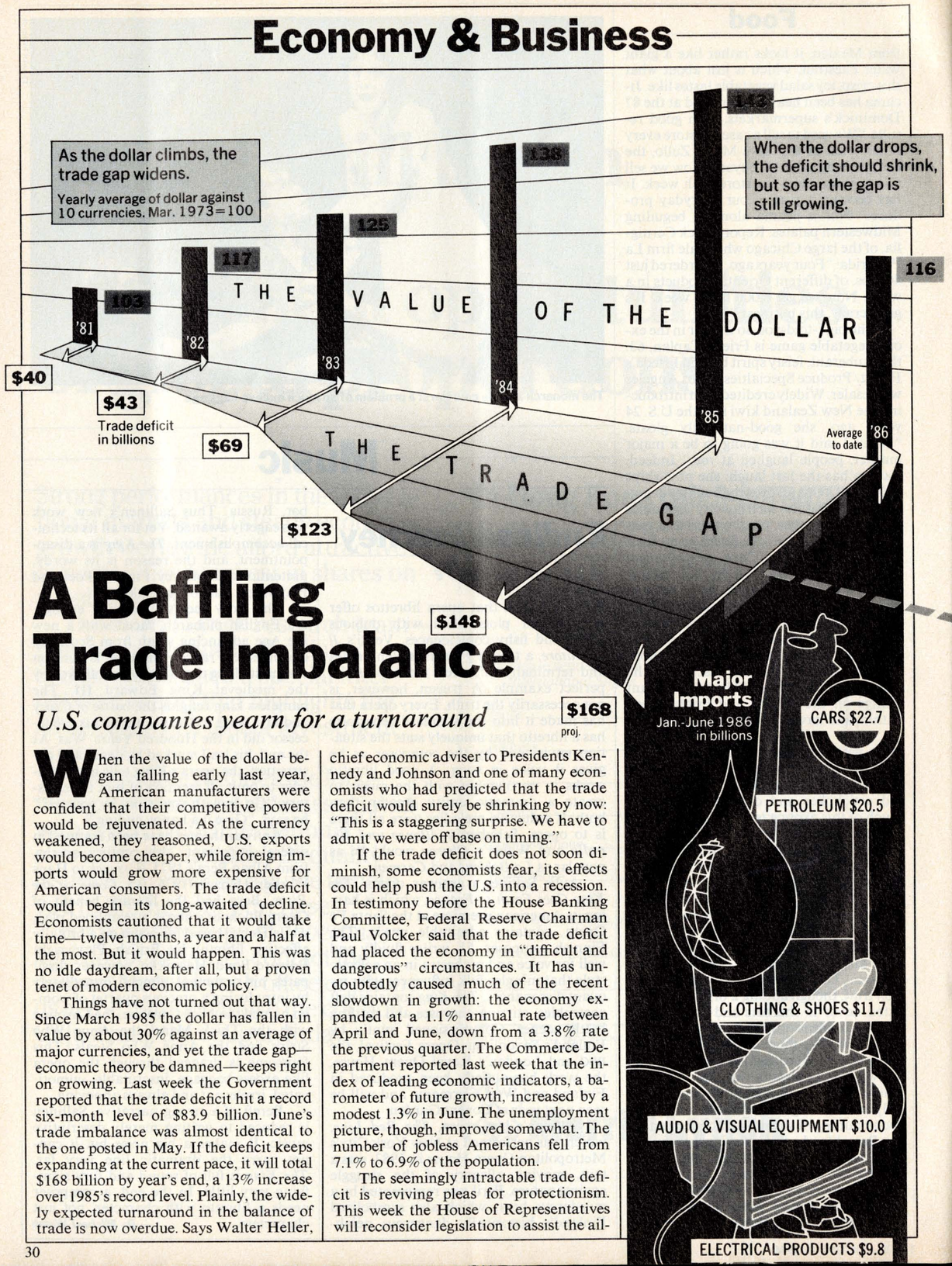
Aulis Sallinen's antiwar opera, *The King Goes Forth to France,* which is having its American premiere at the Santa Fe Opera, contains admirable music. The Finnish composer, 51, writes fluidly and well for voice and orchestra in an eclectic style that mingles folk influences with piquant dissonances. *The King* contains deft ensembles, stirring choruses and rattling battle scenes. Commissioned jointly by Finland's Savonlinna Opera Festival, the BBC and London's Royal Opera House, the work has already been produced in Finland and West Germany, and will be seen next year at Covent Garden.

Sallinen's last opera, *The Red Line,* which was performed at New York City's Metropolitan Opera House in 1983, was a taut, moving allegory of the struggle against nature. Peril was represented by a murderous bear, which also symbolized Finland's historically dangerous neighbor, Russia. Thus Sallinen's new work was eagerly awaited. Yet for all its technical accomplishment, *The King* is a disappointment, and the reason is its wordy, pretentious libretto by Finnish Poet and Playwright Paavo Haavikko.

The story seems promising enough. An English monarch, faced with a new Ice Age advancing south from Scotland, decamps to France, where he is bent on conquest along the same route followed by the medieval King Edward III. The nameless king refights the battle of Crécy and lays siege to Calais, just as his predecessor did in the Hundred Years' War. At the end, his trail marked by death and destruction, the opera's King tells his chronicler to omit all mention of him from history. "Go on with your story by yourself," he says. "Give it a happy ending."

Antiwar themes have been featured in several important 20th century operas, from Alban Berg's 1925 *Wozzeck* to Hans Werner Henze's 1976 *We Come to the River.* Berg had the literary benefit of Georg Büchner's fierce, streamlined play, while Henze based his opera on a brutally effective libretto by British Playwright Edward Bond. Haavikko, however, dissipates his argument almost immediately by introducing a precious quartet of women named the Nice Caroline, the Caroline with the Thick Mane, the Anne Who Strips and the Anne Who Steals. This foursome is dragged through the opera like excess baggage, inscrutable, unmotivated, irrelevant and always annoying.

Bereft of a strong narrative, Sallinen is reduced to writing merely descriptive music. It makes a big noise but it cannot carry the dramatic line very far. *The King* is full of sound and fury signifying very little. In the end, a composer needs a libretto with character, not just characters. ***—By Michael Walsh***



A Baffling Trade Imbalance

U.S. companies yearn for a turnaround

When the value of the dollar began falling early last year, American manufacturers were confident that their competitive powers would be rejuvenated. As the currency weakened, they reasoned, U.S. exports would become cheaper, while foreign imports would grow more expensive for American consumers. The trade deficit would begin its long-awaited decline. Economists cautioned that it would take time—twelve months, a year and a half at the most. But it would happen. This was no idle daydream, after all, but a proven tenet of modern economic policy.

Things have not turned out that way. Since March 1985 the dollar has fallen in value by about 30% against an average of major currencies, and yet the trade gap—economic theory be damned—keeps right on growing. Last week the Government reported that the trade deficit hit a record six-month level of $83.9 billion. June's trade imbalance was almost identical to the one posted in May. If the deficit keeps expanding at the current pace, it will total $168 billion by year's end, a 13% increase over 1985's record level. Plainly, the widely expected turnaround in the balance of trade is now overdue. Says Walter Heller, chief economic adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and one of many economists who had predicted that the trade deficit would surely be shrinking by now: "This is a staggering surprise. We have to admit we were off base on timing."

If the trade deficit does not soon diminish, some economists fear, its effects could help push the U.S. into a recession. In testimony before the House Banking Committee, Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker said that the trade deficit had placed the economy in "difficult and dangerous" circumstances. It has undoubtedly caused much of the recent slowdown in growth: the economy expanded at a 1.1% annual rate between April and June, down from a 3.8% rate the previous quarter. The Commerce Department reported last week that the index of leading economic indicators, a barometer of future growth, increased by a modest 1.3% in June. The unemployment picture, though, improved somewhat. The number of jobless Americans fell from 7.1% to 6.9% of the population.

The seemingly intractable trade deficit is reviving pleas for protectionism. This week the House of Representatives will reconsider legislation to assist the ailing textile industry by drastically reducing imports. President Reagan has vetoed this bill, but the House will now vote on a proposal to override that veto. Supporting textile protection has become a cause célèbre for critics of Reagan's free-trade policies. Said House Speaker Tip O'Neill at a Washington rally for textile workers: "It is time, Mr. President . . . to take off your STAY THE COURSE button and start wearing a MADE IN THE U.S.A. button."

The President last week reaffirmed his opposition to the bill. Said he: "This protectionist legislation would impose tremendous costs on consumers . . . and U.S. business. It must not become law." He met with 35 Congressmen to ask for support to sustain his veto. One danger of such a bill is that American import restrictions would provoke its trading partners to take similar actions, hurting U.S. exports. The Administration is not ignoring the industry, however. Last week the U.S. Government agreed to renew for five years an important international pact that governs trade in textiles. The so-called Multi-Fiber Agreement expands import controls to popular fibers such as linen and silk blends. The pact, said a White House statement, stands "in sharp contrast to the sledgehammer approach" of the congressional bill.

Many American businessmen argue that the U.S. trade gap could be narrowed if foreign countries were to dismantle barriers to trade, such as quotas and stringent customs regulations, which effectively block sales of American products. The Administration has tried, not too successfully, to combat these practices through trade negotiations. But last week the U.S. could claim that real progress had been made. After a year of often heated talks about the semiconductor trade, Japan finally agreed to boost prices of the computer chips it sells in the U.S. The Commerce Department had charged that Japan was "dumping" chips at money-losing prices to gain market share. Japan also promised to open its semiconductor market to U.S. companies, although no precise sales goals were set. Said President Reagan: "This agreement represents an important step toward freer and more equitable world trade."

The Administration, though, is prepared to offer some extra protection to the beleaguered American farmer. Last week President Reagan authorized the sale of Government-subsidized wheat to the Soviet Union. The Soviets have been buying little of the costly American grain, but the federal subsidies will bring the price down. Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole of Kansas, along with several Midwestern Republican Senators who are up for re-election this year, had lobbied the President to take the action.

No one expected that the trade deficit would vanish the moment the dollar began its descent. To begin with, the greenback fell only modestly at first, down about 9% between February and July of last year. During the next eight months, however, it fell a more dramatic 19%. Indeed, it is still falling. Last week the dollar bought only 153.6 yen at one point, the greenback's lowest level since the late 1940s. The dollar has fallen some 39% against the yen since early 1985.

But, economists point out, the dollar is in some ways stronger than it appears. While it has fallen against major currencies, when it is valued against a broader measure of 25 currencies, it has hardly dropped at all. It has decreased less than 4% against the Taiwan yuan since March 1985 and actually risen nearly 4% against the South Korean won.

The unexpectedly high level of imports is another reason that the trade deficit has not yet shrunk. A sharp fall in the dollar normally sparks a comparable increase in the price of foreign goods sold in the U.S. Foreign manufacturers usually raise their prices because the money they pocket from American consumers is worth less when converted into their own currencies. So far, though, imports have remained a relative bargain for American consumers and businesses. The average price of Japanese automobiles, for example, has climbed no more than 14% since last September, less than half the appreciation of the yen. The Japanese manufacturer Komatsu has raised the prices of its construction equipment in the U.S. by just 18% since last October. Japanese manufacturers are pocketing lower profits to avoid huge price hikes. Says Nissan's Yukihito Eguchi: "We have to maintain our competitive edge on exports to the U.S. from such countries as Yugoslavia and South Korea. It's as simple as that."

Finally, the deficit continues to swell because the economies of Japan and Western Europe are not expanding rapidly enough to absorb as many U.S. exports as American manufacturers would like to sell. For the first quarter of this year, Japan's gross national product fell .5%, while GNP in West Germany was off 1.5% from the previous three months.

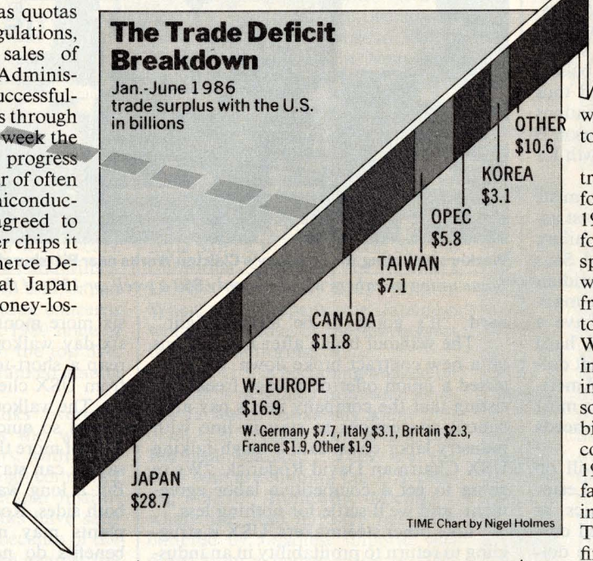
The U.S. has been running trade deficits for all but two of the past 14 years, but the levels rose dramatically just after the dollar temporarily surged in value beginning in 1980. The trade gap widened by 311% between 1980 and 1985. Exports fell by 3%, but imports increased by 41% as American demand was fanned by the huge federal budget deficit.

For the past ten years, the U.S. has been running its steepest trade deficit with Japan (1985 total: $49.7 billion). In June, for the first time ever, Western Europe had a higher surplus with the U.S. than Japan did: $3.8 billion vs. $3.7 billion. But that was only because June's U.S. exports to Japan were bolstered by a sale of $2 billion worth of gold. Japan will use the bullion to manufacture commemorative coins to celebrate the 60th year of Emperor Hirohito's reign. Without that unusual sale, the U.S. deficit with Japan would have reached a record high in June.

Japan's neighbors in the Pacific Rim are also responsible for much of the U.S. trade problem. For the first six months of this year, South Korea's trade surplus with the U.S. increased by 20%, to an annual rate of $6 billion, while Taiwan's surplus grew by 5%, to a rate of $14 billion.

Latin American nations have traditionally been eager customers for American products, but since 1982 they have been so burdened by foreign debt that they have had little spare money for imports. U.S. trade with Latin America deteriorated from a surplus of $1.9 billion in 1981 to a deficit of $17.2 billion in 1985. When they splurge on imports, Latin American consumers are increasingly choosing products from other sources besides the U.S. In Colombia, for example, U.S. goods accounted for 44% of all imports in 1981. Four years later, that ratio had fallen to 32%. One reason: the growing popularity of Japanese products. The share of imports from Japanese firms jumped from 5% to 13%. Says Oscar Bradford, head of the Colombian-American Chamber of Commerce: "The Japanese came in here with marketing studies and plenty of capital."

As the U.S. trade deficit has grown, some American industries have been all but destroyed by low-cost foreign producers. Imports of leather shoes rose from 33% of the market in 1981 to 58% in 1985. Machine-tool imports have nearly doubled since 1981. Even within industries that are still dominated by American firms, foreign manufacturers have made



significant gains. Example: computer imports claim 18% of the U.S. market.

Still, no recent change in American trade has been more alarming than the withering of U.S. farm exports. During May and June, for the first time since 1971, the U.S. was a net importer of agricultural products, with a deficit of $348 million in May and $71 million in June. The U.S. is importing coffee, fish and fruits, among other foods. "Think of it!" exclaimed Senate Minority Leader Robert Byrd last week. "The greatest food basket in the world is running an agricultural deficit." The Government expects the U.S. will post a $5 billion agricultural surplus by the end of fiscal 1986. Reason: beginning this year, the U.S. will drop price supports, forcing farmers to sell their crops for less. To compensate for the loss in income, Washington will increase cash subsidies to farmers. The lower crop prices, the Administration hopes, will make American agricultural products more competitive in world markets. The U.S. would again be a net agricultural exporter, but the cost to taxpayers is high. The Government will spend more than $25 billion on farm-support programs this fiscal year, a 42% increase over 1985.

Reducing the overall trade deficit will not come any easier. U.S. Treasury officials have repeatedly pressured America's major trading partners, especially Japan and Germany, to stimulate their economies. This would bolster demand for American products and thus reduce the U.S. trade gap. But both nations are wary of taking this step. One reason is their leaders' reluctance to fuel growth for fear of igniting inflation.

Some businessmen and economists argue that American companies must assume considerable blame for their failure to sell more of their products abroad. Says Charles Nevil, president of the Meridian Group, a Los Angeles–based export-management firm: "American firms have a basic indifference to exports. The hard dollar wasn't the cancer, and the soft dollar isn't the cure" for the deficit. If American exports are to grow, companies must become more adept at satisfying the needs and tastes of foreign consumers.

How much the dollar's fall will do for U.S. trade remains to be seen. Lester Thurow, a professor of economics at M.I.T., cautions that the weakened currency is no panacea. Says he: "The dollar is nowhere near a low enough level to solve the trade-deficit problem." Allan Meltzer, a professor of political economy at Carnegie-Mellon University, is more sanguine. He comments, "I have no problem believing that the export surge is coming." Not surprisingly, neither Meltzer nor anyone else is willing to predict the precise timetable for a turnaround in the balance of trade. ***—By Barbara Rudolph. Reported by Gisela Bolte and Barrett Seaman/Washington, with other bureaus***

Steel Wills

A standoff and walkout at USX

More than 1,000 steelworkers bowed their heads to pray in the McBride Union Hall in Gary last Thursday night before heading to picket the huge Gary Works steel plant. For the first time in 27 years, U.S. Steel, now a division of the newly renamed USX corporation, was shut down. In all, 23,000 members of the United Steelworkers union walked off their jobs at 16 plants in nine states, from Pennsylvania to Utah. The workers insist that the company has locked them out, while management calls the action a strike. By any name, predicts Union Spokesman Gary Hubbard, "it's going to be a long fight."

SAL DIMARCO JR.

Workers picketing the company's Clairton Works near Pittsburgh: a two-year strike fund

Some union members will draw only $60 a week, or 15% of their usual salary.

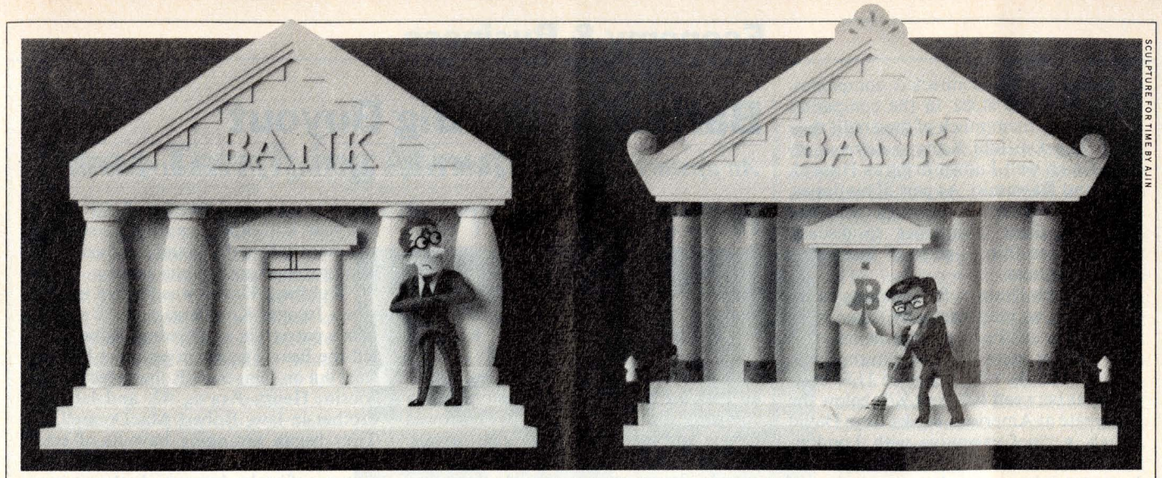
The walkout began after negotiations on a new contract broke down. USX rejected a union offer of a wage freeze, insisting that the company needs pay-and-benefit concessions to stay in line with industry labor costs. Said a tough-talking USX Chairman David Roderick: "We're going to get a competitive labor agreement, and we'll settle for nothing less."

Like other steelmakers, USX is struggling to return to profitability in an industry that suffers from overcapacity and tough foreign competition. Since 1982 the eight largest U.S. steel companies have lost a total of $8 billion. Several are now in precarious financial shape. Three weeks ago LTV, the second-ranking manufacturer, sought protection from its creditors with a Chapter 11 bankruptcy petition.

In contracts settled since April, the United Steelworkers has given wage-and-benefits concessions to LTV, Inland Steel, National Steel and Bethlehem, the third-largest manufacturer. National Steel's workers accepted a $1.50-an-hour cut, reducing hourly labor costs to $22.72, and LTV cut its costs by $3.60 an hour, to $22.60. USX negotiators have insisted that the firm needs a savings of at least $2 an hour, to about $23, to stay competitive. USX underscored that demand last week when it reported that second-quarter earnings had plummeted by 92%, to $14 million. A major factor was the firm's U.S. Steel division, which lost $42 million during the period.

LTV also had labor troubles last week. Some 3,600 workers were on strike at the company's Indiana Harbor Works in East Chicago, Ind., because LTV, as part of its bankruptcy strategy, had abruptly canceled benefits for 66,000 retired workers. On Thursday, Federal Bankruptcy Judge Burton Lifland ordered the company to pay the benefits for six more months. That ruling ended the six-day walkout and permitted LTV to reap a short-term bonus in extra orders from USX clients.

The walkout at USX is not likely to be settled so quickly. Armed with a strike fund of more than $200 million, the union says it can stay off the job for two years. But a long walkout would be costly for both sides. Roderick has said some USX plants may never reopen. And strike benefits do not replace salaries. Steelworker Jeff Smith, who supports a family of four, will draw $60 a week from his Gary local, just 15% of his usual salary of $400. Says he: "There've been good times at the mill in the past. We'll just have to hope for better times up the road." For many steelworkers, whose numbers have already declined from 700,000 in 1978 to 140,000 today as the industry has shrunk, those times may prove to be painfully beyond reach. ***—By Janice Castro. Reported by Lee Griggs/Chicago and Raji Samghabadi/New York***



SCULPTURE FOR TIME BY AJIN

Money Masters from the East

Japan's banks are the world's richest and most aggressive

Dai-Ichi Kangyo. The name does not have the same familiar ring as Toyota, Honda, Sony or Nikon. But Tokyo-based Dai-Ichi Kangyo is a global business enterprise that has, in a sense, become more powerful than all those other Japanese companies combined. According to figures released last week by the *American Banker* newspaper, Dai-Ichi Kangyo, whose assets reached $207 billion in the first quarter, has just surpassed New York's Citicorp ($176 billion) as the largest banking company in the world.

Dai-Ichi Kangyo is just one of a group of Japanese banks that have become the new behemoths of finance. In fact, the *American Banker* ranking showed that four of the top five banking companies are now Japanese firms. The others: Fuji Bank ($143 billion at the end of last year), Sumitomo Bank ($136 billion) and Mitsubishi Bank ($133 billion). All told, Japan had five of the top ten banking concerns and 13 of the largest 25. In 1980 none of the Japanese banks were in the top five, and only Dai-Ichi Kangyo ranked among the first ten.

Last year Japan's banks overtook their U.S. counterparts as the world's largest international lenders, with $650 billion in loans outstanding, compared with $600 billion for American institutions. As the Japanese banks have seen their assets balloon, partly because of the rapid appreciation of the yen against the dollar, they have become more ambitious, aggressive and resourceful. The Japanese have bought up banks in the U.S. and Australia, financed iron-ore mining in Brazil and provided funding for the underwater Chunnel, which will link England and France. Taking their cue from Japanese manufacturers, banks like Dai-Ichi Kangyo have penetrated foreign markets partly by charging less for loans than their competitors do.

The coffers of Japanese banks have become swollen because of their country's huge trade surplus, which this year is expected to reach a record $56 billion. The banks have no way of investing all that money domestically. Moreover, they are eagerly expanding abroad because they have more freedom from government regulation on foreign shores than at home. Partly for that reason, they have invested about 25% of their assets overseas.

The U.S. is now host to 38 Japanese banks, concentrated in New York and California. The California Street area of San Francisco, where Sumitomo, Mitsubishi, Mitsui Manufacturers and Bank of Tokyo Trust have offices, seems to be almost an extension of the Tokyo financial district. Moreover, the invaders are swallowing their competitors. San Francisco's Golden State Sanwa Bank will soon buy the California subsidiary of Britain's Lloyd's Bank for $263 million. When that happens, the Japanese will control four of the ten biggest banks in California.

The U.S. is becoming hooked on the inflow of money from such lenders. Japanese banks buy some 25% of all U.S. Treasury bonds. Says one European banker: "They are the ones who are funding the U.S. budget deficit." Ironically, Michigan, where the auto industry has been battered by Japanese imports, was saved from a budget crisis in 1982 when the Mitsubishi Bank agreed to guarantee $500 million worth of the state's bonds. Almost no project is too large or too small for the yen-laden financiers. Last year the Bank of Tokyo lent $5 million to a group of New York developers who were building an office complex in a run-down section of the Bronx.

Determined that the sun should never set on their empires, the Japanese banks have also expanded in Western Europe. They are particularly conspicuous in London, where some 35 Japanese banks operate. These institutions account for more than 20% of all British banking assets. Says Jacques Girault, director of international service for Paris-based Crédit Lyonnais: "The Japanese have already shown they can be aggressive, even virulent."

One reason that the Japanese have descended on London is its importance as a center of the burgeoning Eurobond business. In this market, international lenders can underwrite bonds that are denominated in foreign currencies and free from virtually any government restrictions. In 1980, when they were still neophytes, Japanese banks handled about $1.5 billion in Eurobonds, putting them behind the banks of three countries plus the World Bank and the European Community. Midway into 1986, the Japanese are in second place, behind U.S. banks, with $12.6 billion in new issues.

MIYAZAWA—BLACK STAR

No. 1 logo

It is no wonder that the Japanese have a yen for the deregulated Euromarket. Since the U.S. Occupation after World War II, Japan has had one of the world's most tightly regulated financial systems. To prevent the concentration of capital in a few hands, the Japanese put into their banking law a word-for-word translation of the American Glass-Steagall Act, which prohibits banks from underwriting corporate securities. In addition, the Japanese have restrictive rules on the interest rates that banks can pay depositors. Says Nobuya Hagura, president of Dai-Ichi Kangyo: "The regulations are outdated, and they inhibit business performance."

Nobody should know better than Hagura. As the expansion-minded head of Dai-Ichi Kangyo, he oversees a vast network of offices from Chicago to Caracas and Madrid to Melbourne. Dai-Ichi Kangyo tries to portray itself as a friendly institution. Its slogan: "The Bank with a Heart." Like most major Japanese banking concerns, it belongs to a *keiretsu*, an industrial group made up

of dozens of interconnected companies. The bank owns stock in the companies and extends them much of the credit they need. The Dai-Ichi Kangyo *keiretsu* includes such well-known firms as Hitachi, Isuzu and Kawasaki. As part of his duties, Hagura meets once a month with the heads of client companies to discuss, among other things, ways of increasing foreign business.

One such strategy, for Japanese bankers as well as manufacturers, may be to lose money in the short run in order to gain market share for the future. Some Japanese banks offer loans to U.S. businesses at between ⅛% and ¼% below the going rate at American banks. Says David Lough, a chief executive with London-based National Westminster Bank: "The Japanese take a very long-term view of markets. They are quite prepared to loss-lead in the early stages." But Japanese bankers shrug off the criticism. Says Hagura: "You always get accused of undercutting when you're expanding."

One of the main lines of business for Tokyo bankers is the financing of overseas ventures by Japanese multinationals. When Nissan built its Smyrna, Tenn., plant in 1983, the Industrial Bank of Japan arranged a $600 million deal. The complex package called for the bank to underwrite bonds issued by Rutherford County, which enabled the county to build the plant and lease it to Nissan. Often a Japanese bank will pack its bags the same day a fellow *keiretsu* member ventures abroad.

MIYAZAWA—BLACK STAR

Hagura

Critics contend that the Japanese banks are comparatively unprofitable and therefore vulnerable to financial trouble. Sumitomo Bank, for example, returns a mere 30¢ on each $100 of assets. In comparison, Citicorp earns 75¢ and Morgan Guaranty $1.35. But Japanese bankers say that such skimpy earnings are the norm in Japan. Explains Yoshiteru Murakami, international managing director at Dai-Ichi Kangyo: "The Japanese economy as a whole is a low-profit operation. The shareholders do not demand as high a return as those of other countries."

U.S. and European bankers are girding themselves for increasingly formidable competition from Japan. One report issued by Nomura, a top Japanese securities firm, predicts that by 1995 the country will have $1 trillion in loans outstanding. In California, some U.S. moneymen speculate that a Japanese bank might take over beleaguered BankAmerica, the second largest U.S. banking company, after Citicorp. If that happens, a name like Dai-Ichi Kangyo could soon be as famous as Sony or Toyota. ***—By Gordon M. Henry. Reported by Edwin M. Reingold/Tokyo and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York***

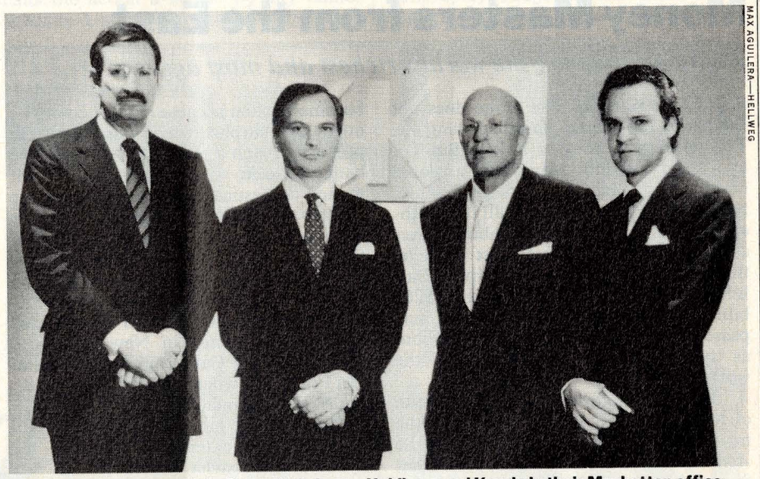
Barons of the Big Buyout

An upstart investment firm reaps a fortune from heavy leverage

Not all of today's big dealmakers operate with the high profile of a T. Boone Pickens or a Carl Icahn. Case in point: Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, a clannish, almost obsessively reclusive investment-banking firm that often determines the fate of giant corporations. Kohlberg Kravis is Wall Street's master of a generally friendly form of takeover, the leveraged buyout. In an LBO, a small group of investors buys a company's stock with mostly borrowed money and takes the corporation private. Last week Kohlberg Kravis and a group of outside investors announced that they would do an LBO of the largest U.S. supermarket chain, Safeway Stores, for about $4.3 billion in cash and securities. Safeway's management accepted the plan so that it could escape a takeover bid from Dart Group, a retail chain.

Kohlberg Kravis was formed in 1976, when Jerome Kohlberg, now 61 and the firm's patriarch, and George Roberts, 42, left the Bear, Stearns investment house to start out on their own. Roberts recruited a cousin, Henry Kravis, 42, and later his brother-in-law, Robert MacDonnell, 47. They began arranging buyouts of small companies like A.J. Industries, a manufacturer of brake drums and other components, in which Kohlberg Kravis invested only $1.7 million in 1977 but earned back $66.3 million after it was resold. Today, after more than 20 buyouts, the four partners are worth an estimated $150 million to $500 million each. A fifth partner, Paul Raether, 39, joined the firm in April. Kravis, the only member of the group with any visibility, lives in a $5.5 million Park Avenue apartment, collects 19th century British oil paintings and serves on the board of the New York City Ballet.

As the firm's exploits have grown, so has the criticism. Some investors claim that Kohlberg Kravis leverages its deals too far, loading up the bought-out companies with a debt burden that could be fatal in a recession. Another development that may derail Kohlberg Kravis is the federal tax reform movement, which appears likely to limit some of the write-offs that help make LBOs such lucrative investments. That prospect has already slowed the pace of most Wall Street LBO specialists, with the notable exception of Kohlberg Kravis. ***—By Stephen Koepp. Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York***



MAX AGUILERA—HELLWEG

The first four partners: MacDonnell, Roberts, Kohlberg and Kravis in their Manhattan office

One lives in a $5.5 million apartment and collects 19th century British oil paintings.

Three Terrifying Minutes?

Challenger's *crew may not have died instantly*

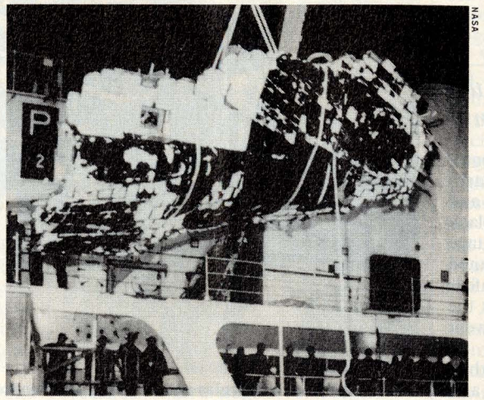
Just three seconds after Commander Francis Scobee radioed "Roger, go at throttle up" last Jan. 28, the *Challenger* was smashed to pieces, instantly killing the shuttle astronauts. That, at least, is what most Americans have believed for the past six months. Last week NASA revealed the chilling truth: at best, the crew of the doomed shuttle knew, if only for a few seconds, that something was terribly wrong. At worst, they remained conscious for two minutes and 45 seconds, until the crew compartment, still largely intact, smashed into the Atlantic.

As recently as mid-July, a NASA spokesman had announced that examination of a tape recovered from the wreckage (and restored by IBM engineers after its long immersion in seawater) indicated that the crew members were "unaware of the events associated with the tragedy." But the agency admitted last week that a more detailed analysis had uncovered a voice recorded three seconds after Scobee's final words, just before all data were cut off. The voice was that of Pilot Michael Smith. His exclamation: "Uh-oh!"

The NASA announcement indicates that at least some of the crew were functioning for several seconds after the explosion and possibly longer. Evidence that they had survived the blast came from four emergency air packs, connected to the astronauts' helmets during launch, that were pulled months ago from the ocean. Three of the packs, designed to supply air if the astronauts had to exit the shuttle on the launch pad through noxious fumes, had been manually activated. One was identified as Smith's. Since the *Challenger* pilot, locked into his safety harness, could not have reached the control, it must have been turned on by either Ellison Onizuka or Judith Resnik, who sat behind him on the spacecraft's top deck.

Dr. Joseph Kerwin, director of Space and Life Sciences at the Johnson Space Center, wrote in last week's report, "The forces on the orbiter at breakup were probably too low to cause death or serious injury . . . the crew possibly, but not certainly, lost consciousness in the seconds following orbiter breakup." The maximum acceleration forces felt by the astronauts as their cabin was blown away from the explosion—estimated at 12 to 20 Gs, or 12 to 20 times the force of gravity—were "quite brief," Kerwin added, and "survivable." Even if the sealed crew compartment had ruptured and depressurized, he said at a news conference last week, the crew could have remained conscious for six to 15 seconds. If the cabin remained intact, though, they may have been conscious for nearly three terrifying minutes—as upward momentum carried the cabin from 48,000 ft. at the moment of the fireball to 65,000 ft. 25 seconds later, before it fell, tumbling and spinning, and crashed into the waves at 207 m.p.h. with a force of about 200 Gs. Said a National Transportation Safety Board expert: "Water is like concrete when you hit it at 200 m.p.h."

One member of the Rogers commission has expressed anger at the belated revelations about the *Challenger* crew. "NASA is finally in the process of coming clean," he commented. "They even tried to stonewall us [the commission] on the tapes, telling us that they never release tapes. You are going to learn eventually that some of the crew lived longer than others, and that's how it was." ***—By Michael D. Lemonick. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington***



NASA

Part of *Challenger's* forward section after retrieval

They must have known something was terribly wrong.

Milestones

MARRIED. John McEnroe, 27, champion and one-man brat pack of professional tennis who has just returned to the courts after a six-month sabbatical; and **Tatum O'Neal,** 22, Oscar-winning actress *(Paper Moon)* and mother of their ten-week-old son Kevin; both for the first time; in Oyster Bay, N.Y.

INDICTED. Griffin O'Neal, 21, actor *(The Escape Artist),* son of Film Star Ryan O'Neal and brother of Tatum; on six counts, including boat manslaughter, in a Memorial Day accident that killed Gian Carlo Coppola, 23, son of Director Francis Coppola; in Annapolis. O'Neal, who in 1985 completed a two-year drug-rehabilitation program, told police Coppola was piloting the 14-ft. boat, which ran into a towline connecting two powerboats, but eyewitnesses placed O'Neal at the helm.

FINED. George O'Dowd, 25, better known as Boy George, flamboyant, gender-bending rock singer; $373, after he pleaded guilty to heroin possession; in London.

DIED. Roy Cohn, 59, imperious, flamboyant, brilliant attorney who gained notoriety at 26 as the relentless grand inquisitor for the Communist-baiting Senator Joseph McCarthy; of a heart attack complicated by an AIDS virus infection; at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md. After McCarthy's fall in 1954, Cohn, a law-school graduate at 20, became a high-living New York lawyer whose clients ranged from alleged Mafia Boss Carmine Galante to Pop Artist Andy Warhol. Indicted several times on charges including extortion, bribery and mail fraud, Cohn was never convicted. But in June, frail from illness and under IRS pressure to pay millions in back taxes, he was disbarred by the New York State Supreme Court's Appellate Division for deceit, fraud and misrepresentation.

DIED. Stanley Ellin, 69, mystery writer whose novels *(The Eighth Circle, House of Cards, Mirror, Mirror on the Wall)* and frequently anthologized short stories *(The Specialty of the House, The Blessington Method)* were typified by imaginative plotting, black humor and a phantasmagoric air of menace; after a stroke; in New York City.

DIED. Theodore (Teddy) **Wilson,** 73, jazz pianist of incisive technique and cool, graceful style; in New Britain, Conn. A Texan who was with Louis Armstrong's band before joining the Benny Goodman Trio (with Drummer Gene Krupa) in 1935, he helped break the color barrier in popular music. His delicate touch made him a favorite with such vocalists as Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan and, most notably, Billie Holiday.

DIED. Carlo Confalonieri, 93, suave Italian Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, dean of the College of Cardinals since 1977 and from 1967 to 1973 prefect of the Consistorial Congregation, the Vatican ministry responsible for creating new dioceses and appointing bishops; in Rome.

Bang, Bang! You're History, Buddy

America may be at peace, but battle re-enactments rage on

The first Union artillery shells detonated at 1 p.m. Picnickers from Washington, society women in long dresses and their escorts in string ties and long black coats, watched from their hillside vantage point, eating fried chicken as they waited for the Federal troops to crush the Confederates. At the outset, this battle near the railhead called Manassas Junction went according to Northern expectations.

Union forces swept over one hill, then another, as the Rebs staggered and dropped. The Federal's horse-drawn artillery batteries, seasoned regular Army units, were ordered to hold their fire, when a regiment of Brigadier General Thomas ("Stonewall") Jackson's Southerners, dressed in blue at this stage of the war, were mistaken for friendly forces. Cannons boomed, muskets cracked, horses reared in the dust. Confused and frightened soldiers stumbled through the swirl of smoke. Then, along the Sudley Springs Road, near Henry House, came Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston's fresh troops, who had just arrived from Manassas. The Northern advance faltered. A Union private yelled, "I can't see!" as he stumbled and fell into the weeds. Another Northerner lost his nerve and began to run. His colonel drew a pistol and yelled, "You have two seconds to get back into that line or you will be dead." The coward slunk back.

The Union artillerymen were cut to bits, and by 3:15 p.m., the disaster that the North was to call the First Battle of Bull Run was all but over. "Chase them Yankees back to Washington," shouted a woman in the spectators' area. Overhead, a supersonic Concorde ghosted upward from Dulles Airport, far too high for its passengers to see history being remade.

GARY GRIFFIN FOR THE VIDEO HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

Back to the past: a Georgia regiment fires at Union troops at the First Battle of Manassas

This restaging of the First Battle of Manassas (as the South, which won and thus should have the choice, calls the conflict) came 125 years less one day after the original. The site was five miles from the actual battlefield, on 500 acres turned over for the occasion by a land developer. It was one of the largest re-enactments so far in the national craze for battle re-creations, which gathered momentum as a result of the Bicentennial celebrations ten years ago, and shows no sign of a cease-fire.

Numbers are slippery, partly because hobbyists who specialize, say, in the Revolutionary War have no reason to keep in close touch with Civil warriors. But some 50,000 people, many of them women and children, may be involved in relighting the old campfires and refighting the old battles. Some spend thousands of dollars on their costumes and weapons, and a rueful joke among re-enactors is that their 18th or 19th century wardrobes are far more elaborate than their present-day clothes.

Christopher Nelson, 44, a vice president of a Japanese consulting firm in Virginia, was unruffled at the Manassas battle, as was proper for a Union officer sent down from Washington to view the fighting from a distant hill. He wore dark blue woolen trousers, suspenders, an officer's jacket, a sword and a Colt .44-cal. Army-model revolver of the type issued to officers before 1862—in all, about $500 worth of gear. His interest was in the historical significance of the battle, which saw the first appearance of rifled cannons and the first movement of troops into battle by rail. "None of these generals had ever handled so many thousands of troops before," he marveled. An estimated 35,000 Confederates and about the same number of Union troops took part in the real battle, though accounts vary, and about 6,500 soldiers and camp followers joined in the re-enactment.

Patrick Massengill, a Pentagon cartographer, kept things in order with twelve pages of script and 34 maps that boiled a long day's fighting down to 2½ hours. Troop movements were as accurate as history and conjecture could make them, but deaths, desertions and the like were left to the inspiration of the combatants. Said Massengill: "There is a lot of ham in these people."

There was a lot of earnestness too. "If you want to understand this war, then you have got to know how the soldiers felt," explained Thomas Downes, a machinist from Cleveland who had signed on as a captain with the 2nd New Hampshire Regiment. "We cannot drink Cokes or Gatorade in the camp. It wouldn't be authentic. But if you can get whisky, that's all right. We are living historians. We have to do this to understand our forefathers."

First Manassas was such noisy, nostalgic fun that the organizers are talking about staging the battles of Cedar Mountain and Antietam next year, Gettysburg in 1988, the Wilderness Campaign in 1989 and Appomattox in 1990. In the meantime, there is no danger of peace breaking out and boring everyone. If the French and Indian War catches your imagination, there are rousing battles at Old Fort Niagara, a restored 18th century stronghold on Lake Ontario. The conflict usually re-enacted is the siege of Fort Niagara, won by the British in 1759. But, one Saturday not long ago, the Siege of Oswego (1756) was refought, and the French and their Indian allies forced a British surrender. Afterward, Harry Burgess, 38, a Port Huron, Mich., history teacher, ranted to an onlooker in French-accented English about "thees monster," the British army. Reverting to normal English, Burgess said that partaking in such battles "gives us a private time machine."

The Revolution is always popular, in part because the British uniforms were dazzling. These were not just the well-known red coats, but kilts for Scottish outfits and suits of splendid foppishness for officers. Lord Cornwallis is not required to surrender every weekend, but when he is played by Ken Siegel, he does so in the highest style. Siegel, 42, a management consultant from Needham, Mass., wears high silk stockings, brown-top riding boots, leather-lined, white wool breeches closed with gold buttons, a white waistcoat with a gold pocket watch, a crimson sash, a general's coat in scarlet wool with blue lapels and velvet cuffs studded with 20 14-karat buttons, a white wig and cocked bicorne hat, and a $15,000 18th century sword, inlaid with gold. "I come off as a totally arrogant, pompous ass," he says with pride.

TIM PETERS

French surrender in siege of Fort Niagara

Siegel belongs to the British Brigade, a fifth column with members in 17 states. The brigade can field 600 men, including a mounted general and staff, 20 mounted dragoons, a battalion of artillery with five to seven cannons, four large infantry regiments, and ten additional companies of foot soldiers, including four units of Highlanders in kilts. The cavalry even has two professional stunt riders who can spill their horses. Next year the brigade is taking its act to England, possibly so that Cornwallis can get new instructions.

Despite the strength of the British Brigade, the colonists have the fervor to keep winning. Authenticity is pursued to the point of obsession, and anyone wearing polyester would be laughed off the battlefield. Shirts are handmade of linen, often by the soldiers or their wives. Buckled colonial shoes for officers are available from an outfit in Valley Forge, Pa., and flintlock muskets (made in Japan, though this point is not stressed) can be had for $285. Among the strictest reconstructionists are the 1,000 or so members of the Brigade of the American Revolution, a group founded in 1962 to re-create the life of the Revolutionary soldier. This brigade will not allow women to fight, though it does accept women and children as craftspeople and water carriers, which would have been their roles in the 18th century. "Most working-class women of the 18th century were virtually treated as beasts of burden," explains National Commander George Woodbridge, an artist for *Mad* magazine.

Well, maybe. But when Becky Anderson, 20, an attractive brunet carpenter from Bowling Green, Ohio, swings into battle at Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Mich., she wears the uniform of the 10th Virginia Regiment, Wayne's Corps of Light Infantry, carries a musket and is addressed as Nathaniel. Her parents took her to re-enactments when she was 14, but "as a girl you had to wear dresses and sit around the campfire cooking. I didn't like that."

Anderson is a member of the North West Territory Alliance, which accepts women as combatants. So is Dennis Farmer, the curator of a historical museum in Monroe County, Mich., a lieutenant in the 10th Virginia Regiment who has spent some $10,000 on such items as camp gear, uniforms, a musket and a pair of authentic 18th century eyeglass frames. "The Revolutionary War is my favorite time period," he said one hot Saturday at Greenfield Village before a fight with the dreaded British. "As wars go, you can't find a better one that was fought for a clear-cut cause."

PETERS

Hamming it up

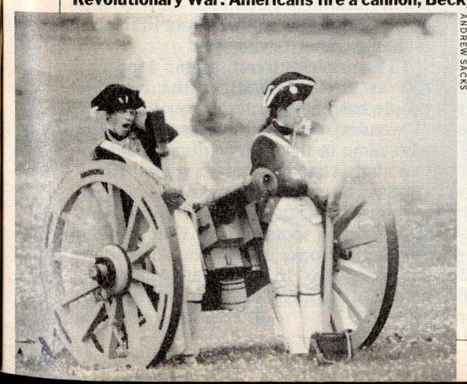
The script called for Anderson, Farmer and the other colonials to lose, and they did (at Greenfield Village, the Americans win on Sundays). But casualties were unusually light. Did an afternoon downpour have anything to do with this? Yes, admitted an insider. Authenticity is fine, but getting your uniform clean again is pure hell after you have expired for your country on muddy ground. ***—By John Skow. Reported by Beth Austin/Chicago and Joseph J. Kane/Manassas, with other bureaus***

Fighting on at Manassas: Confederate forces unlimber a cannon, while members of the Stonewall Brigade prepare for combat

GRIFFIN

GRIFFIN

Revolutionary War: Americans fire a cannon, Becky Anderson plays a colonial, and the British blast away, all at Dearborn's Greenfield Village



ANDREW SACKS

SACKS

SACKS

Royal Revival in Monte Carlo

The Grimaldis: "They are worth millions to people here"

Yachts from around the world bob gently at anchor in Monaco's sun-drenched harbor. Standing on the quay in starched white uniforms, the crewmen of a sleek new vessel wait for the ceremony to begin. There is a murmur of excitement as a dark blue Mercedes-Benz pulls up. Out steps Princess Stephanie of Monaco, dressed in a blazer, striped skirt and matching sneakers. As flashbulbs pop and the ship's officers watch, the 21-year-old princess cuts a ribbon, sending a bottle of champagne splintering into the ship.

The 180-ft. boat thus christened last month was no ordinary pleasure craft. It was the *Maxim's des Mers,* a creation of Designer Pierre Cardin, proprietor of the legendary Maxim's restaurant in Paris. Says the yacht's owner, Swiss Impresario Jean Miguel: "The ambiance of the royal family is precisely the image we're looking for. They are the base of the economy. They are worth millions to people here."

Nearly four years after the death of Princess Grace, the Grimaldis, Monaco's ruling family, are once again projecting a sense of vitality that is bringing ever more publicity and business to the 27,000 inhabitants of their .7-sq.-mi. principality. Princess Stephanie has dropped out of the nightclub scene, in which she was a regular for two years, and has taken up a double-barreled career as a fashion designer and pop singer. She is readying her new Pool Position swimsuit and fashion line for end-of-summer showings in Monaco even as her hit record *Ouragan* (Hurricane), which has already sold more than a million copies in Europe, is being prepared for release later this year in the U.S.

As for Princess Caroline, 29, her second marriage, to Italian Businessman Stefano Casiraghi, 25, appears happy; the couple expect their second child this week. Prince Albert, 28, continues to understudy his father, Prince Rainier, 63, who watches over his flourishing domain and spends long hours playing with Caroline's son Andrea, 2. Says a businessman close to the royal family: "Princess Grace's death was a terrible blow. But now Caroline has found stability in marriage and motherhood. Rainier smiles and is more relaxed, Albert is becoming a man, and Stephanie has become a sensation."

SICCOLI—GAMMA/LIAISON

Princess Stephanie christens the new luxury yacht *Maxim's des Mers*

The ruling family is injecting a sense of vitality into the tiny principality.

Monaco's fortunes have kept pace with those of the Grimaldis. Though this summer's scarcity of American tourists has depressed hotel occupancy rates on the French Riviera by as much as 40%, Monaco has found its regular, wealthy clientele as loyal as ever. Result: bank deposits are growing, real estate is booming, and sales of highly taxed luxury goods are providing the government with a budget surplus that is expected to reach several million dollars this year.

"There's been a very strong takeoff in large, expensive apartments," says Jacques de Beer, chairman and president of A.G.E.D.I., a large Monaco real estate concern. "Expensive properties are much easier to sell now than smaller, cheaper ones." De Beer explains that rich, cash-paying clients, spurred in part by the U.S. dollar's drop, are buying palatial apartments with large living rooms, six or seven bedrooms, Jacuzzis and wraparound balconies overlooking the Mediterranean. A studio apartment was recently sold for $103,500 to a Middle Eastern businessman. Space for the boom has come from a high-rise building bonanza. At latest count, 22 new projects either were going up or had just been completed, causing Monegasques to quip that the construction crane may soon be named Monaco's national bird. Some locals complain that the new buildings disfigure a spectacular landscape.

Such matters do not seem to trouble Monaco's elite. Those who move in have more in mind than just a beautiful view. Notables like Wimbledon Champion Boris Becker, Opera Star Placido Domingo, Designer Karl Lagerfeld, Writer Anthony Burgess and other outsiders pay no income tax in Monaco. They are well protected by a police force of 370 officers, including 85 plainclothesmen and a twelve-man "Intervention Force" that handles emergencies. There are also 30 television cameras mounted at key points in the principality. "In Monaco, people can wear their jewels safely," says a matron.

Thirty-three banks provide a secure haven for money: deposits have risen to more than $4 billion over the past five years. Withdrawals are spent on a wide variety of luxuries: British Motors, Wright Brothers, continental Europe's largest (and Monaco's only) Rolls-Royce dealer, reports 1986 sales increases of 15%, with a 1978 Silver Shadow II going for $42,850, and the latest model, the Silver Spirit, for $130,000, tax included. Several hundred small and medium-size manufacturing firms are flourishing: Silvatrim, a supplier of plastic accessories to Western Europe's auto industry, has seen sales rise 30% this year.

Gambling is thriving—as always. The Société des Bains de Mer, which operates the Casino of Monte Carlo, says that all but its hotel trade is keeping pace with last year. Explains Chief Executive Officer Jacques Seydoux de Clausonne: "The Americans didn't gamble that much, and our Swiss, German, Italian and Arab customers are still very much with us." The gamblers also crowd S.B.M.'s lush Monte Carlo Beach Hotel, where Princess Stephanie and her friends regularly lunch at the Le Rivage café. At a nearby Olympic-size swimming pool, women in heavy gold jewelry and high heels take the sun, topless, as children scamper about in the latest haute couture swim wear.

The topless trend aside, Monaco's role as a playground for the beautiful people has changed little over the years. "I wonder whether the Russian princes who came in the 19th century would notice many changes," muses a local banker. Says Grace Robbins, wife of best-selling American Author Harold Robbins: "Other spots on the Côte d'Azur, like Saint-Tropez and Cannes, are different from year to year. But Monaco is golden. It always seems to remain the same." ***—By Adam Zagorin/Monaco***

A New General Takes Charge

An Australian woman leads the worldwide Salvation Army

Talk about the high expectations of new parents. On the morning that Eva Burrows was born in an Australian mining town, her father, a Salvation Army officer, was conducting a worship service. Within minutes the father returned to his home, held the newborn baby aloft and uttered a prayer dedicating her to the glory of God and the salvation of the world. "It was rather a tall order for a little baby," says Burrows with a grin.

Burrows, 56, faces her tallest order yet in her new post as general, or worldwide commander, of the Salvation Army. Chosen over six male nominees last month by the denomination's 48-member high council, Burrows is only the second woman to hold the top post since a military-minded Englishman (and former Methodist minister) named William Booth founded the evangelical Christian group in London in 1865.*

The Army, whose headquarters are still in the British capital, encompasses 86 countries in a social-welfare network that includes clinics, centers for alcoholics and drug addicts, homes for the down-and-out and the aged, food services for the poor, and mobile teams to aid refugees and disaster victims. Burrows faces the task not only of continuing such help but of pumping new life into an organization whose ranks are thinning. "If we're not growing, we must feel guilty, because we are not fulfilling Christ's demand," says Burrows.

Today the Army reports 1.5 million adherents worldwide and about 16,800 active officers (the equivalent of clergy), down from nearly 18,000 in 1968. Europe has fared the worst, losing 33% of its officers in the past 15 years. In the U.S., the officer ranks, the largest of any country, have declined slightly, to 3,703. The U.S. operation has 29,000 other employees, and 1985 revenues were estimated at more than $500 million.

What Burrows will not change is the Army's religious philosophy or its military structure. The revival-minded Protestant group holds strictly to an eleven-point orthodox statement of doctrine and a literal interpretation of the Bible. It is so insistent upon simplicity in worship that it shuns all services of baptism and communion.

In Army parlance, committed lay members are "soldiers," prayer meetings are "knee drills," and officers and soldiers take a pledge known as the Articles of War. Salvationists do not die; they are "promoted to glory." Burrows also has no intention of dropping the group's paramilitary uniforms, which vary from country to country. "Some people say the uniform is a Victorian appendage, but it is part of our awareness of being a militant church," says Burrows.

ROBIN BRYANT

Salvationist Commander Eva Burrows

The new general did not come to her vocation easily. One of nine children, she was impressed when her mother brought home destitute people to share the family's spartan meals. But as a teenager, she recalls, "I felt the Salvation Army discipline was too rigid, and for a good deal of time, I refused to go to church."

While studying at the University of Queensland, Burrows experienced a "divine compulsion" to rejoin the Army. Her leadership skills were evident at age 19, when her father suffered an asthma attack during worship services and Burrows coolly preached an impromptu sermon. Equipped with degrees in history and English and a graduate degree in education, Burrows spent 17 years as an educator in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe). After leaving Africa in 1969, she served in England as an administrator and then was the territorial commander in Sri Lanka, Scotland and southern Australia.

In these posts, she displayed the qualities of self-discipline and single-mindedness that marked her as a contender for the top post. Says one Army colleague: "She knows what she wants and sets out to get it." A workaholic with an outgoing personality, she finds time for two passions: swimming and crossword puzzles.

Like her predecessors, Burrows will keep the Army on a conservative tack. The U.S. branch was a founder of the USO but resigned from the group in 1976 when it began serving alcohol to soldiers. In 1981 the Army quit the World Council of Churches after it awarded welfare grants to guerrilla organizations that eventually overthrew the white minority regime in Rhodesia. The Army found aid for violent groups inappropriate.

Some critics fault the Army for not changing with the times, but Burrows rejects the criticism. "We're hardheaded as well as softhearted," she insists. "We won't hang on to things just because we've always done them." As head of women's social services in Britain in the mid-1970s, Burrows met new demands by converting orphanages into shelters for battered women, and in Australia she has inaugurated new efforts to train unemployed youths. In the U.S., Army leaders have cut back street-corner proselytizing and increased counseling services.

Next week Burrows will announce a new U.S. commander to replace Norman S. Marshall, who is retiring after three years in the post. She is already mapping the Army's future, including how to deal with the alarming drop in European officers. But what is certain not to change is the Army's dedication to serving the unfortunate. A visit to the Bowery in New York City vividly illustrates that commitment. There, in a lodging run by the Army since 1912, a staff of 72 takes care of more than 400 down-and-outers. An officer on duty admits that "most of these men aren't going to improve." That may be true, adds a colleague, but "we try to give them a sense of responsibility for themselves." General Burrows could not have said it better. ***—By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Steven Holmes/London and JoAnn Lum/New York***

KAVEH GOLESTAN

Offering soup to the homeless under a London bridge

"We're hardheaded as well as softhearted."

*The Army's first female leader was Evangeline Booth, the founder's daughter, who served from 1934 to 1939.

A Grand Tour for an American

Greg LeMond wins cycling's premier race

The greatest cycling duel in the 83-year history of the Tour de France ended last week on the Champs Elysées to the unprecedented strains of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Greg LeMond, 25, became the first non-European to win the premier race in this most passionately parochial of Old World sports. And the easygoing American did it by triumphing in a fratricidal war with his teammate—and friend—Bernard Hinault, 31, who has become a two-wheeled French national monument. Over 2,542 miles, traversing 76 mountains and hills in the Pyrenees and Alps, covering as much as 160 miles a day in the flats, the two played out a drama of betrayal and reconciliation, and after more than 110 hours of racing in 23 days, just three minutes and ten seconds separated them.

They had nothing in common, really, except the sport. LeMond had grown up in affluence on the California beaches and the snowy slopes of the Sierra Nevada. At 14, he took to cycling to build up his legs for skiing. But that winter it did not snow, and so an obsession was born. In the U.S., cycling is what kids do after Santa Claus brings them a bike and before they get their driver's license. Few of them are aware that the sport's greatest heroes race in teams and can make as much as a star quarterback. A subtle, rolling chess game in which teammates devise strategies to wear out and hold back opponents, share the fatigue of breaking a head wind or control the pace to protect a team leader, cycling is built on intricacies as unknown to most Americans as particle physics.

When LeMond decided to become the world's best, there was but one course to follow. Six years ago, with a new bride and his odd American dream of winning the Tour de France, he moved to Europe for the coaching and conditioning that were available only in the sport's backyard. He did not underestimate the task: "It is as though a Frenchman moved to the United States at age 19, couldn't speak English and tried to make it in baseball."

One person attempted to help: Bernard Hinault, captain of the team that first hired LeMond as a professional in 1980. Hinault, with his terrible Breton temper and maniacal need to win, had given no quarter in a brilliant career that brought him out of a modest village life to wealth and acclaim. He was a relentless attacker who sought to break, not merely beat, his opponents. Yet he took LeMond under his wing, taught him the racer's tactics and dubbed him his successor. Last year the crown prince helped his king to a fifth victory in the Tour de France, settling into second to fend off challengers. When it was over, Hinault vowed, "Next year I will ride for Greg. I will be his second wheel."

NOVOSTI—REUTERS

On the victory stand, Hinault casts an admiring glance at the new champion

Playing out a drama of betrayal, reconciliation and triumph.

When the Tour and its 21 teams of ten riders began the counterclockwise circuit of France this July 4, the American was relying on that promise. But LeMond, and perhaps Hinault himself, underestimated the fire within. No man had ever won the Tour six times, and what Hinault called a "record for eternity" began to beckon. On the first day of the climb into the Pyrenees, Hinault suddenly broke away without warning. LeMond, left behind to block Urs Zimmermann, the Swiss rider who eventually finished third, was anguished. He dutifully played the team role, all the while looking over his shoulder for the arrival of the pack and, with it, moral and tactical permission to give chase. The pack never caught up. Hinault had taken over the lead, which is calculated from the cumulative times on each day's course.

They had words that night. It apparently meant little, for Hinault bolted ahead again the next day. But this time he tired, and LeMond overhauled him. "I asked him if I should stay and help him. He said I should follow the others. He's a generous guy." Harmony lasted just two days; then Hinault made his final breakaway—with Zimmermann. "He was trying to crush Greg, to put him away," one teammate said later. Once again LeMond gave chase, and this time when he pulled alongside Hinault, he screamed, "If you continue to race this way, I'm going to quit. You're going to lose it for both of us, and you can just lose it alone."

But LeMond came back the following day and took over the lead for good with another stunning climb through the Pyrenees. The next morning brought the Tour's most memorable moment. The pair broke away together, alone. For 80 miles, there were just the two of them, taking turns breaking the head wind, laboring up mountains, swooping downhill at nearly 70 m.p.h. Like birds in flight, they whirred through the turns, locked back wheel to front wheel, fast and free. Said an official who watched the duet from an accompanying van: "It was symbiosis, it was poetry." Just before the finish, an exhilarated LeMond threw an arm around Hinault, then slowed to let him over the line first by a wheel length.

On still one more day, Hinault tried and failed to overtake LeMond, then finally conceded. Later LeMond would interrupt the savoring of his victory (he will likely make in excess of $750,000 in salary and other fees during each of the next three years). Why, he wondered, had Hinault broken his promise and tried to "deny me the dream of my career"? But the Breton had no apologies. "I do things to the limit," he said. "It's in my guts, a character trait I was born with."

In an odd way, Hinault's challenges served to validate LeMond's achievement. "I have pushed Greg; I have made him go over me. Now after all this, he is capable of competing with anybody, anywhere." The unrelenting competitor had never quite believed that his teammate wanted to win the Tour de France, wanted it in that visceral way that French boys from small villages want it. As much as Hinault wanted it. But when Greg LeMond stood on the victory platform and heard his national anthem, he lowered his head, fighting back tears. Hinault saw the emotion, and his eyes widened. He stared in plain wonder. At that moment, it seemed, he understood at last that here was an American who had dreamed like a Frenchman.

—By B.J. Phillips/Paris

Memories Scaled and Scrambled

In New York City, a survey of James Rosenquist

There are pure painters and there are American painters, and James Rosenquist, a survey of whose work since 1961 fills a floor of New York City's Whitney Museum this summer, is decidedly one of the latter. What other artist in the past 25 years has scanned the American scene more faithfully or brought such a compelling if fractured narrative out of its weird slippages and layerings of imagery? In the heyday of pop art, there was more stress on Rosenquist's means and less on his ends. One saw the devices from advertising, the billboard manner; one felt affronted by its "vulgarity" and by the schematic thinness and neatness of the paint, so heartless looking when compared with the thick, spontaneous and (it was assumed) emotionally stronger surface of late abstract expressionism. None of that seems a problem anymore. Rosenquist's ingenuities as a formal artist have floated to the top. And the subject is clearer: the vicissitudes of a certain kind of American dream.

Looking at a big Rosenquist (a small one is 10 ft. wide, and *Star Thief,* 1980, the mural whose installation at Miami International Airport was successfully opposed by Frank Borman, then president of Eastern Airlines, is 17 ft. by 46 ft.) is a bit like seeing one of the lost panoramas that were so popular in 19th century America scrolling creakily past, a journey re-created as spectacle, stripped of its pastoral imagery and retooled in terms of media glut. Hey, look! you hear the nasal voice of the artist saying: this is what the banks of the electronic Mississippi look like as they glide by. Here is a succession of odd dreams, bigger than life: a red fingernail the size of a mudguard, a slough of squirming orange spaghetti, a girl whose perfect, impersonal beauty has to advertise something other than herself, the black void of outer space, a paper clip, crinkled silver Mylar and bristling sheaves of fiber-optic cables and the Ford in your future.

Born in North Dakota in 1933, Rosenquist backed into being a painter through grass-roots advertising: he started painting Phillips 66 signs for a Minnesota paint contractor and gradually moved up to supporting himself as a billboard artist in New York City in the 1950s. Turning out these mammoth images, high above the city streets, had the most obvious connection to his later art: the problem of how you make something that looks perfectly realistic a quarter-mile away when you are close up against it and cannot see it as a whole. The huge fragmentary paintings of the '60s and '70s are imposing but not tactile; very big but oddly weightless, with none of the haptic intensity that is the gift of denser painting. They look hard to understand because they are easy to read. As Art Historian Judith Goldman points out in her recent book on Rosenquist, most of his images are not just culled, collage-wise, from advertising; they are shards of personal experience, of memories scaled up and colloquially scrambled. Nevertheless there was a certain tone of image that Rosenquist sought. He did not want to paint old things that provoked nostalgia. What he liked, as he put it, were images "common enough to pass without notice." Hence the '50s-ish look of his paintings from the '60s, which, ironically, seem more nostalgic now than they did then. Unlike other pop artists with whom he was classed, such as Andy Warhol or Claes Oldenburg, Rosenquist was not an ironist. "He rendered his blue-collar view of American things without mockery," writes Goldman, "with a deadpan literalness and a directness that suggested innocence."

ANTONIO SUAREZ

The one real masterpiece: *F-111,* 1965, the 86-ft.-long, multipanel anti–Viet Nam mural

The impact of its neon colors and yowling images has slackened little in 20 years.

It also suggested surrealism, and to a degree that Goldman perhaps underrates. Early Rosenquists from 1962—like *Noon, Capillary Action* or *Untitled (Blue Sky),* with their small canvases that hover clear of the surface while still carrying the sky or grass of the background—quote Magritte with an almost naive directness. True, Rosenquist could not be less interested in the literary and sexual side of surrealism, but the way disconnected images have always floated together in his work (the duck's head, tire tread and huge cropped face in *Silver Skies,* 1962; the immense rashers of bacon, their fat glistening among the stars, in *Star Thief*) does not come only from America.

Though he was never a "political artist" as such, a political current—generally of a milky, liberal kind—surfaces in Rosenquist's work. It produced a number of bland icons but one real masterpiece as well: *F-111,* 1965, the 86-ft.-long, multipanel anti–Viet Nam mural that caused a hullabaloo when the Metropolitan Museum chose to exhibit it in the '60s. Unlike most political art of the time, it looks unpolemical at first, and that is the source of its power. It sums up Rosenquist's vision of America as an Eden compromised by its own violence. The impact of its neon colors and yowling discharge of images has slackened little in 20 years. Like a shark silently threading a reef, the sleek body of the bomber passes through a succession of signs denoting the good life and ways of defending it; a bubble of air from an Aqua-Lung regulator mimics the burst of a nuclear cloud, over which is set an umbrella; the hole in a frosted ring cake suggests a missile silo; a chillingly winsome little blond muffin sits precociously under a hair dryer, whose gleaming cone evokes the nose of an ICBM; and so on.

F-111 may not be, as has sometimes been claimed, the *Guernica* of the '60s, but it has much in common with the apocalyptic tone that broke into popular culture at the time, through rock lyrics, and it affected people in a way few works of political art had done since the murals of Diego Rivera in the 1930s. It suited its time, just as Rosenquist's lusher paintings of the '80s, with their candied colors and peculiarly deceitful overlays of motif—the sumptuous presentation of dying fetishes of American culture, like the space program—suit theirs. Rosenquist, in short, is one of the few former pop artists whose work continues unabatedly to have something to say, however elliptic the mode of saying it turns out to be.

—By Robert Hughes

COVER STORY

Down into the Deep

Using high tech to explore the lost treasures of the seas

After resting on the ocean floor, split asunder and rusting, for nearly three-quarters of a century, a great ship seemed to come alive again. The saga of the White Star liner *Titanic*, which struck an iceberg and sank on its maiden voyage in 1912, carrying more than 1,500 passengers to their deaths, has been celebrated in print and on film, in poetry and song. But last week what had been legendary suddenly became real. As they viewed videotapes and photographs of the sunken leviathan, millions of people around the world could sense her mass, her eerie quiet and the ruined splendor of a lost age.

Watching on television, they vicariously joined the undersea craft *Alvin* and Jason Jr. ("J.J.") as they toured the wreckage of the luxury liner, wandering across the decks past corroded bollards, peering into the officers' quarters and through rust-curtained portholes. Views of the railings where doomed passengers and crew members stood evoked images of the moonless night 74 years ago when the great ship slipped beneath the waves.

The two-minute videotape and nine photographs, all in color and shot 12,500 ft. under the North Atlantic, were a tiny sample of the 60 hours of video and 60,000 stills garnered during the twelve-day exploration. They were released at a Washington press conference conducted by Marine Geologist Robert Ballard, 44, who led the teams from the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution that found the *Titanic* last September and revisited it this July.

Recounting the highlights of what has already become the most celebrated feat of underwater exploration, Ballard revealed some startling new information. His deep-diving craft failed to find the 300-ft. gash that, according to legend, was torn in the *Titanic's* hull when the ship plowed into the iceberg. Instead, he suggested, the collision had buckled the ship's plates, allowing water to pour in. He also brought back evidence that the ship broke apart not when she hit bottom, as he had thought when viewing the first *Titanic* images last September, but as she sank: the stern, which settled on the bottom almost 1,800 ft. from the bow, had swiveled 180° on its way down.

Between the pictures shot by cameras aboard the submersible *Alvin*, the remotely operated vehicle (ROV) J.J. and the towed sled Angus, Ballard said, "there is not a square inch of the *Titanic* that has not been photographed in beautiful detail." Woods Hole scientists plan to create a photomosaic of the entire ship, a project that will take several months. But Secretary of the Navy John Lehman, whose department financed the expedition, had already seen enough. Delighted with the spectacular outcome, he declared Ballard the Navy's "Bottom Gun" and presented him with a duly inscribed navy blue baseball cap.

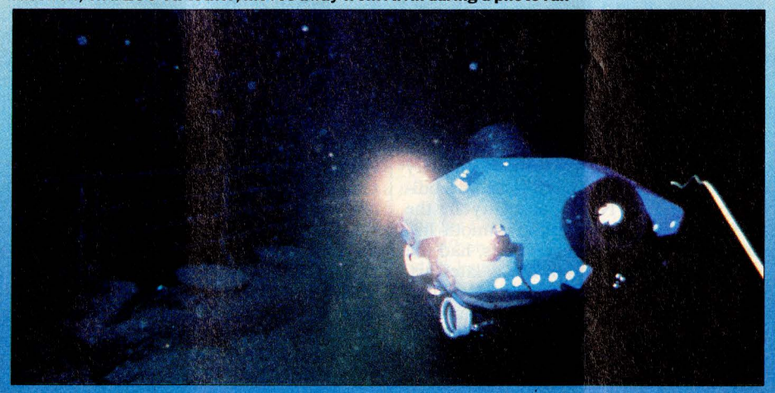
While the exploration of the legendary *Titanic* captured the imagination of the world, it was but one of many undersea forays now in progress. Even as J.J. roamed the corridors of the great ship, diving teams from Cape Cod, Mass., to the South Seas, wearing scuba tanks, masks and flippers, were peering at decaying wrecks on the sea floor. At depths ranging from dozens to hundreds of feet, they probed and photographed the remnants of rotting hulls and carefully marked the location of scattered debris like cannonballs, silver bars or shattered pottery. Returning to the surface, they often brought with them priceless artifacts of ancient civilizations.

Armed with sophisticated equipment that enables them to locate and descend to long-lost shipwrecks, explorers are providing fascinating insights to the past. "We are opening up an enormous new era in archaeology," says Navy Secretary Lehman. "We now have time capsules in the deep oceans."

The incentives for undersea exploration extend beyond the historical and archaeological benefits. High-tech fortune hunters are locating sunken treasure ships and recovering their precious cargo. New remote-controlled vehicles are prowling the ocean depths, some dropping listening devices and scouting out potential hiding places for missile-firing submarines. Others are seeking mineral deposits and clues to the movement of the earth's tectonic plates, and charting the two-thirds of the earth's surface that until recently has been largely inaccessible to man.

Still, for all the worldwide activity in the deep, last week nothing could compete for attention with the trove of photographs, videotape and lore accumulated during the *Titanic* mission. Each of *Alvin's* 100-ft.-per-minute descents from the mother ship *Atlantis II* required 2½ hours, during which Ballard tried to relax by listening to the recorded music of Edvard Grieg. On the first dive, the submersible, carrying J.J. down with it, approached the *Titanic's* 60-ft.-high starboard midsection. "That was the first thing we came in on," recalls Ballard. "We were putting our nose right up against this massive wall." Later, viewing the mangled remnants of the severed stern through *Alvin's* Plexiglas porthole, he was shaken. "You really felt it when you were there, the sheer carnage," he says. "It looked violent and destructive. The bow is majestic. It still has some nobility. But the stern . . ."

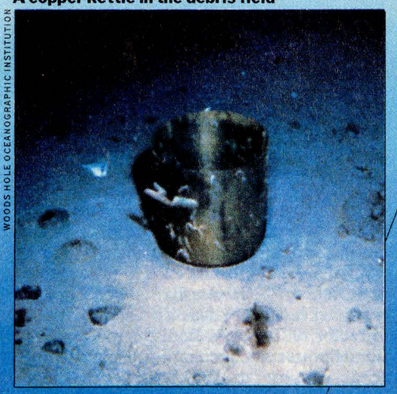
Jason Jr., on a 250-ft. tether, moves away from *Alvin* during a photo run



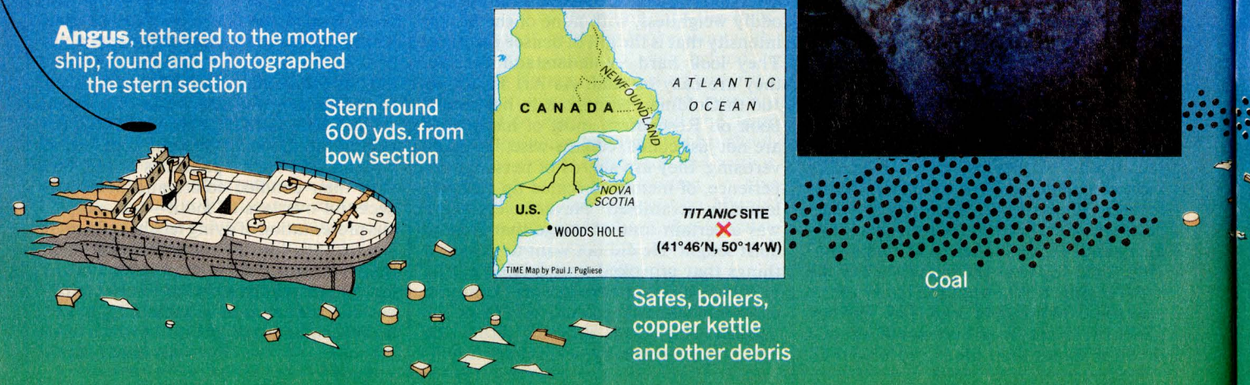
A ghostly rail rises above a porthole

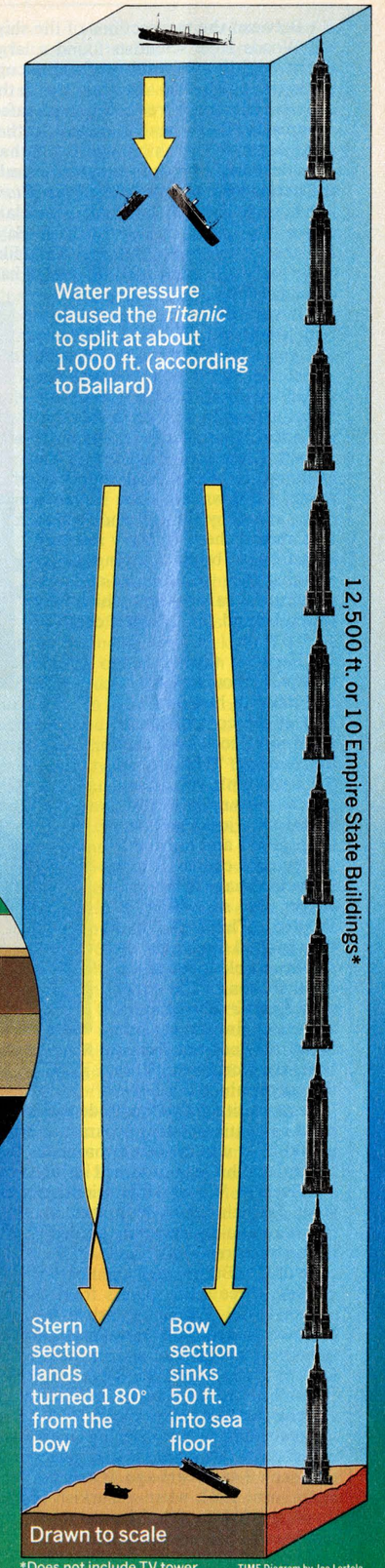
WOODS HOLE OCEANOGRAPHIC INSTITUTION

A copper kettle in the debris field



WOODS HOLE OCEANOGRAPHIC INSTITUTION





Between the two sections of the ship, the Woods Hole scientists found a large debris field littered with artifacts: a copper kettle polished by sand particles in the deep-sea currents; three of the ship's safes; a porcelain doll's head; a patent-leather shoe. Most of the ship's woodwork had been devoured by marine creatures. Amid the debris were at least four of the *Titanic's* huge boilers; an unbroken porcelain coffee cup rested on one of them. Says Ballard: "It must have fluttered down like a leaf and settled on the boiler, which had come crashing down."

It was one of these boilers that had led to the *Titanic's* discovery last year. For 22 days, the French vessel *Le Suroît* had "mowed the lawn," roaming over a 150-sq.-mi. target area with a sonar device that provides high-resolution maps of the seabed. After surveying 80% of the expanse, *Le Suroît* had found no trace of the wreck. Then Ballard's crew, joined by three French scientists aboard the U.S. Navy research vessel *Knorr,* began combing the remaining 20% with a sonar-and-video platform called Argo, which they towed behind the ship at a depth of 12,500 ft.

Early in the morning of Sept. 1, about an hour after Ballard had quit his post at the control center, the *Knorr's* cook awakened him, saying, "The guys in the van think you should come down." Ballard pulled on a jump suit over his pajamas and hurried to the control center. Seeing the video image of the boiler on the sea floor, he shouted, "That's it!" Once they spotted the boiler, the crew was able to locate the main section of the wreck with *Knorr's* echo sounder, a device similar to ones found on deep-sea fishing boats the world over. They then determined the *Titanic's* exact latitude and longitude with a satellite navigation system accurate to within 100 ft.; it was to these coordinates that Ballard and his team returned in July.

Even as Woods Hole scientists were studying their hoard of images, another, far more ancient ship was gradually giving up its secrets. Half a mile off the rocky cape of Ulu Burun, near the town of Kaş, Turkey, three scuba divers from the research vessel *Virazon* splashed into the Mediterranean. The two Turks and an American are part of a team headed by George Bass, 53, of the Texas A & M–based Institute of Nautical Archaeology. For the past two years, a joint INA-Turkish team has been exploring one of the oldest ships ever found, a wooden craft that sank 3,400 years ago. It was not seen again until 1982, when a Turkish sponge diver spotted some of its cargo on the sea floor.

Aided by 24-lb. weights hanging at their waists, the divers needed only a few minutes to reach the sloping seabed where the fragmented keel rests, one end at a depth of 145 ft., the other at 170 ft. In between lie the remnants of the ship's cargo, embedded in rock and partly covered with sand.

Time was precious. At that depth, the divers had only about 15 minutes to work before beginning their return to the surface. Remaining below any longer would result in nitrogen narcosis; in the high-pressure environment of the deep, the blood and tissues absorb a larger than normal amount of nitrogen, causing a kind of tipsiness that dulls a diver's reactions. Explains Bass: "It's as if you had just tossed down three martinis."

STEVE LISS

Robert Ballard and J.J. after the mother ship *Atlantis II*, below, returns home

Every square inch of the Titanic *photographed in beautiful detail.*

While one diver, armed with a hammer and chisel, began chipping away around a copper ingot, trying to loosen it from concreted sediment, another culled the bottom, scooping sand with one hand and drawing it into a suction tube held in the other. Suddenly, something metallic flashed in the dim light filtering through the water. It was a piece of gold jewelry that had remained hidden from sight for 34 centuries. In the next several minutes, the team members uncovered more jewelry, a quartz bead, broken arrowheads and pottery shards, which they stored in a red-and-white plastic container. To mark the precise spot of each discovery, they poked bicycle spokes into the sand, then measured the distance between the spokes and fixed reference points. Knowing the exact location of each item will enable the archaeologists to map the site accurately.

Glancing at his watch, the leader signaled to the others, and the trio, using their flippers to rise, promptly began their ascent by following a cable that led up to the *Virazon.* Reaching a white marker cylinder at the 20-ft. depth, they stopped, treading water for three minutes, before rising again to a second marker, at the 10-ft. level. There they waited for eleven minutes, passing the time by penciling messages to each other on a roughened Plexiglas tablet. The scheduled pauses were decompression stops that allowed the excess dissolved nitrogen to leave their bodies gradually; in a faster ascent, the nitrogen would have come out of solution too rapidly, forming gas bubbles in the tissues or blood vessels, a painful and sometimes fatal consequence known as the "bends."

Back on deck, everyone crowded around as Bass and one of the divers opened the plastic container and examined a gold pendant bearing the image of a fanciful star with long wavy rays. "That's Canaanite," said Bass. "No question about it." On a smaller gold pendant was the figure of a woman with a tall headdress, wide skirt and both feet pointed to one side. "The figure's so Egyptian!" exclaimed Bass. "We've had three or four pendants like this on the expedition."

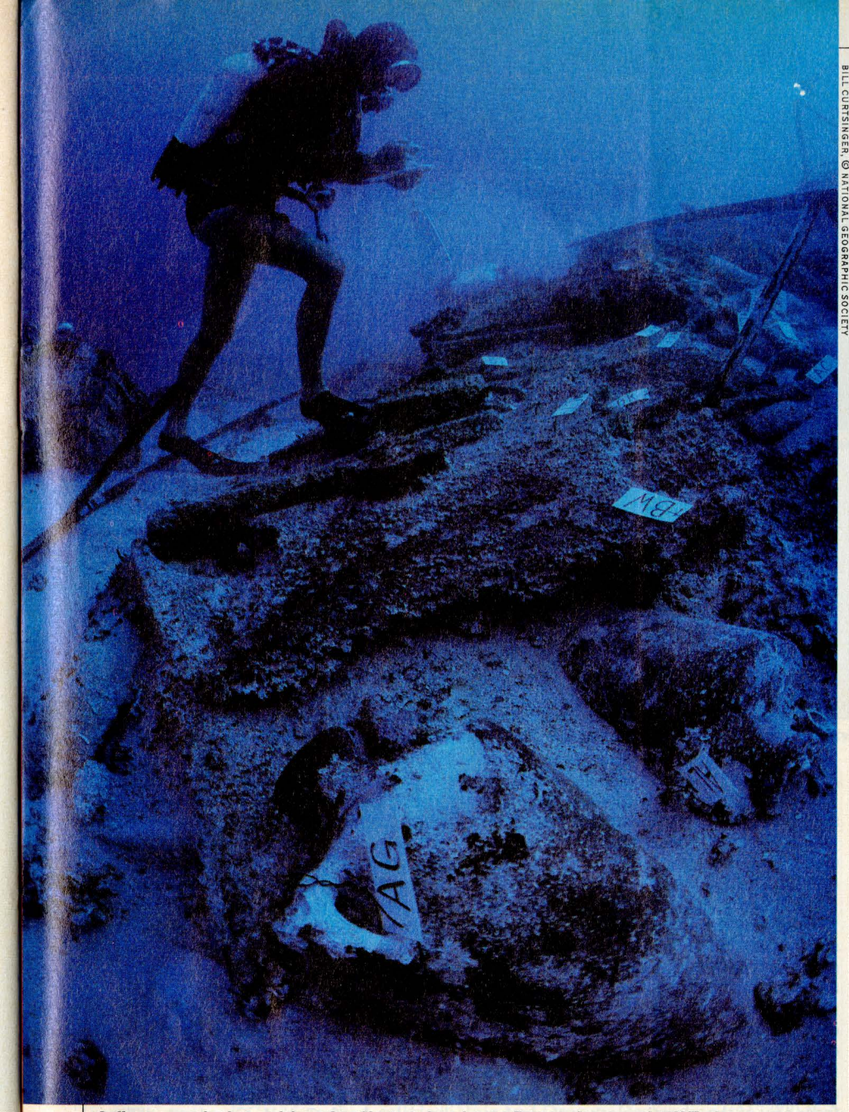
And much more. The ancient ship, whose origin Bass has not disclosed, was crammed with bronze, tin, glass, gold, quartz, weapons and dozens of amphoras (pottery jugs) containing goods ranging from frankincense to fruit seeds. "It was like a floating supermarket," says Yaşar Yildiz, the deputy director of Turkey's Bodrum Museum of Underwater Archaeology, which is giving vital support to the INA expedition. "This wreck is more than we could hope for," says Archaeologist Cemal Pulak, Bass's assistant. "It is giving us all kinds of new information about people's lives in this area in 1400 B.C., what goods they traded and where these goods were coming from." The discovery of glass ingots, for example, established conclusively that artisans were blowing glass in that region far earlier than had previously been thought. The ancient vessel itself has been a rich source of information. Says Bass: "It extends our knowledge of ship technology back a thousand years."

Halfway around the world from Turkey, other nautical archaeologists were at work last April off Vanikoro, a 300-sq.-mi. island in the southwestern Pacific's Solomon chain. The setting was pure Indiana Jones: mosquito-infested jungles; rivers teeming with crocodiles; heavy, brooding clouds hovering over an inhospitable landscape.

Two miles offshore and 15 ft. to 140 ft. down the steeply sloping bottom lie the remains, partly enveloped in coral, of the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe,* the flagship and companion frigate of one of France's greatest 18th century navigators, Count Jean François de la Pérouse. Louis XVI had dispatched the aristocrat to the Pacific in 1785, hoping that his discoveries would rival those of British Explorer Captain James Cook. As Louis was led to the guillotine eight years later, he supposedly inquired, "Has there been any news of La Pérouse?"

Each morning 20 divers from a multinational team, led by researchers from the Queensland Museum in Brisbane, Australia, and historians from Nouméa, New Caledonia, left three chartered boats anchored in Vanikoro's lagoon and sped in inflatable outboards to the wreck site. In the afternoons, they returned laden with artifacts that included part of a shoe, Chinese ceramics, a dragoon's brass helmet and thousands of glass necklace beads probably intended as items of barter for Pacific tribal chieftains.

A highlight of the mission for Chief Archaeologist Scott Sledge, 38, was the discovery of a brass regimental facing plate, a shieldlike ornament from a soldier's bearskin cap, with the word *royal* clearly distinguishable. After gingerly brushing away some silt, Sledge recalls, "I came across something shiny right underneath." It was embedded in the surrounding coral, which he had to chip away carefully. Just as he was about to give up for the day and return to the surface, the plate loosened, and he was able to slide it out of the coral in perfect condition. Says Sledge: "That, to me, was extremely exciting and of more value to an archaeologist than a chest full of diamonds and gold."



BILL CURTSINGER © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

A diver records the position of artifacts taken from a Bronze Age wreck off Turkey

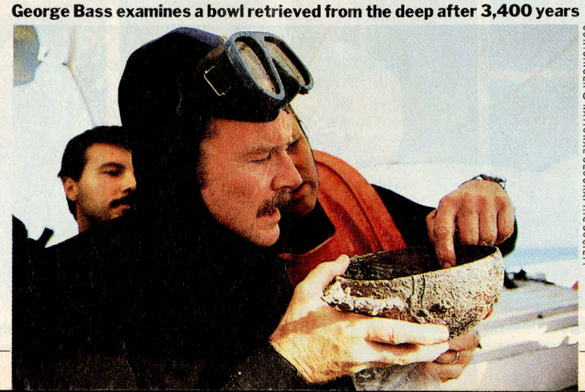
Fortune Hunter Mel Fisher might argue about that appraisal. Some 30 miles out from Key West in the Gulf of Mexico, his four salvage tugs lay at anchor last week 60 ft. above the remains of the Spanish galleon *Atocha.* The square-rigged vessel sank in a hurricane in 1622, carrying 260 crew members and passengers, and a priceless cargo, to the bottom. From the tugs, divers employed by Fisher's Treasure Salvors, Inc., have brought to the surface a fortune in emeralds, gold and silver bars, coins, bags of gold dust and lengths of golden chains.

Fisher, 64, has earned his reward the hard way. He first read about the wrecked Spanish treasure galleons *Nuestra Senora de Atocha* and her sister ship *Santa Margarita* in 1960 in the *Treasure Hunter's Guide,* which included references to the two ships sinking off the "Keys of Matecumbe" in a 1622 hurricane. Several years later Fisher met Eugene Lyon, who was beginning research for a doctoral dissertation on the history of the Spanish conquest of Florida. Lyon was about to leave for Seville to study Spanish archives, and Fisher enlisted his aid in the search for the galleons. The researcher eventually wrote from Spain that he had good evidence *Matecumbe* was a general term for the Florida Keys. He suggested that the treasure lay off what are now known as the Marquesas.

Fisher, who had already had some success salvaging treasure from wrecks off Vero Beach, promptly moved to Key West. In 1970 he launched a 16-year, high-tech search for the Spanish ships.

His team painstakingly swept 120,000 linear miles of ocean with magnetometers, devices that detect irregularities in the earth's magnetic field—anomalies caused by,

George Bass examines a bowl retrieved from the deep after 3,400 years



CURTSINGER © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

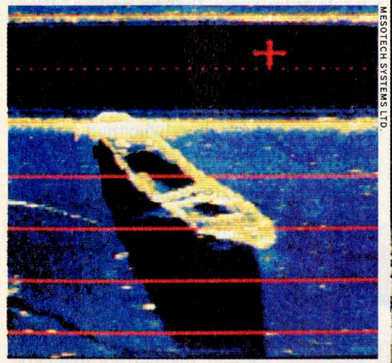
among other things, iron cannons, armor or anchors. They used side-scan and sub-bottom sonar and even commissioned an aerial survey, but the search did not yield a verifiable *Atocha* remnant. Says Fay Feild, an engineer and consultant to Treasure Salvors, who designed a special magnetometer for Fisher: "With a magnetometer, even in a limited area, only one in 100 'hits' has anything to do with a wreck. With a side-scanner, it's one in a million."

PAT CLYNE—TREASURE SALVORS, INC.

Divers using compressed-air device to blow sand from *Atocha* site

Fisher's team found the first certifiable remains of the *Atocha* in 1973, matching the identifying number on a recovered silver bar with one listed in the ship's manifest in the Seville archives. But because the cargo was scattered over nine linear miles, it took Fisher until 1985—and a total of 6,500 magnetometer hits—to identify what he calls the "mother lode," the main body of the ship's cargo. Even then, retrieving the treasure was difficult. The deeper waters off the Florida Keys are murky, the bottom heavily silted. Again, technology provided the solution. Several years earlier, Feild had devised a huge pair of fittings that resemble and are called mailboxes, and placed them over the propellers of one of Fisher's tugs, in effect directing the ship's backwash straight down and forming a clear vertical column of water extending to the sea floor. The mailboxes not only improved visibility below but washed away silt and sand. Fisher's divers have been further equipped with an air lift, a long plastic tube that clears sand away with a blast of compressed air. Still, the search was arduous—and costly to Fisher, both financially and emotionally; in 1975 his oldest son, his daughter-in-law and a crew member were drowned when a tug used in the quest capsized during a storm.

Fisher's 1,200 or so stockholders and investors are due for a handsome return. The booty that divers have raised includes 3,200 emeralds, one-third of which are top-quality stones, 150,000 silver coins, and more than 1,000 silver bars that average 85 lbs. each. They have also recovered other kinds of treasure: bronze cannons, potsherds, navigational instruments and kitchen utensils. Total estimated value of the find: more than $400 million.



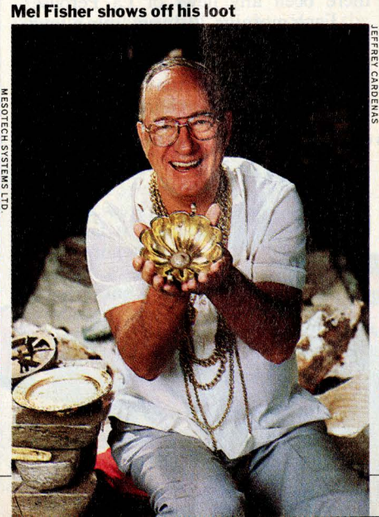
MESOTECH SYSTEMS LTD.

Side-scan sonar shows a sunken barge

Professional Salvor Barry Clifford, 41, is running Fisher a close second in treasure hunting. Some 30 ft. down and only 1,200 ft. out from the sunbathers on Cape Cod's Marconi Beach, Clifford is salvaging booty from the *Whydah,* a 100-ft.-long pirate galley that foundered on a sandbank in 1717. "Everyone grew up knowing the story," recalls Clifford, who first heard the tale of sunken treasure from his crusty, Cape Cod–born uncle. "She was part of our lore."

Clifford began his search for the *Whydah* in 1982. Armed with an exclusive permit from the state of Massachusetts, he concentrated on a 2-sq.-mi. area, using a magnetometer and side-scan sonar. In the summer of 1983 divers found a clay pipestem, brass nails and some rudder strapping. But try as he might, Clifford could not convince everyone that the artifacts were from the *Whydah* and not from any of the countless other ships that have been wrecked off the Cape. Even the 1984 discovery of three cannons failed to satisfy Clifford's critics. But last fall, while surveying the underwater site, Rob McClung, a former Aspen, Colo., police chief, caught his finger on the rounded rim of a large object. It proved to be a 200-lb. concreted ship's bell, which, when cleaned of some of its heavy crust, revealed the words THE WHYDAH GALLY—1716. Says Clifford: "There's a lot of crow being served out in copious portions."

Mel Fisher shows off his loot



JEFFREY CARDENAS

And copious treasure too. Aided by mailboxes, divers labored continuously last week, bringing up more of the *Whydah's* riches. "There's a lot of work, a lot of hours," says Diver Todd Murphy, 28. "No weekends. No holidays."

But the payoff is well worth the trouble. The divers have retrieved more than $15 million in silver coins, gold dust, and artifacts; the *Whydah's* bell alone has been appraised at $5 million. Clifford, who has meticulously studied the manifests and other records of the 50-odd ships plundered by the *Whydah's* captain before his ship sank, estimates that the loot still in the sand is worth $380 million more. It includes 500,000 to 750,000 silver coins, 10,000 lbs. of gold dust, a casket of "hen's-egg-size East Indian jewels" and some African ivory.

The world became aware that a new era under the sea was dawning in 1954, when *National Geographic* published an article titled "Fish Men Discover a 2,200-year-old Greek Ship." The author was a Frenchman named Jacques-Yves Cousteau, who in 1943 had helped to invent the Aqualung—the precursor of self-contained underwater breathing apparatus (scuba)—and used it to excavate a vessel at the bottom of the Mediterranean near the island of Grand Congloué. "That opened the door to underwater exploration for the modern day," says Wilbur Garrett, editor of *National Geographic,* the venerable publication of the National Geographic Society, which has since financed many undersea missions by Cousteau and others. In 1959 Cousteau invented the first small submersible, a battery-powered diving saucer propelled by jets of water that could safely carry a two-person crew to a depth of 1,000 ft.

CARDENAS

Pieces of eight and a pearly crucifix

A disaster, not exploration, spurred development of more versatile undersea vessels like *Alvin* and J.J. In 1963 the Navy's brand-new nuclear-powered submarine *Thresher* lost power and sank 220 miles east of Cape Cod with 129 on board. It took 1½ years before a Navy search team, aboard the bathyscaphe *Trieste II,* finally located the sub resting 8,400 ft. down.

While *Trieste II* could reach great depths, it was little more than a spherical cabin suspended from a buoyant hull and capable of withstanding great pressures. But it was unable to rescue submariners or salvage vessels. What was needed, the Navy decided, was submersibles and ROVs able to maneuver at depths far in excess of 750 ft.

TERRY SPENCER

The skeletal remains of the *Mary Rose* in a Portsmouth dry dock

By 1964 the Navy had launched the first, and still most famous, of the new submersibles, *Alvin.* Operated by Woods Hole, the 23-ft.-long craft could carry three people to a depth of 6,000 ft., pick up objects with an arm and claw, and roam the sea floor at a speed of one knot (*Alvin* has since been lengthened to 25 ft. and given a second arm-claw, as well as a new pressure hull that enables it to operate as far down as 13,120 ft.). The stellar performance of the tiny sub during the second *Titanic* mission was only the latest in a long list of accomplishments. Among the more remarkable of *Alvin's* 1,716 deep-sea missions: locating and helping to recover (from a depth of 2,850 ft.) an H-bomb that fell into the Mediterranean after a B-52 bomber and a KC-135 tanker collided over Spain in 1966; discovering peculiar new life-forms, including tube worms 10 ft. long, while probing hot-water vents in the ocean floor 8,000 ft. below the surface of the Pacific.

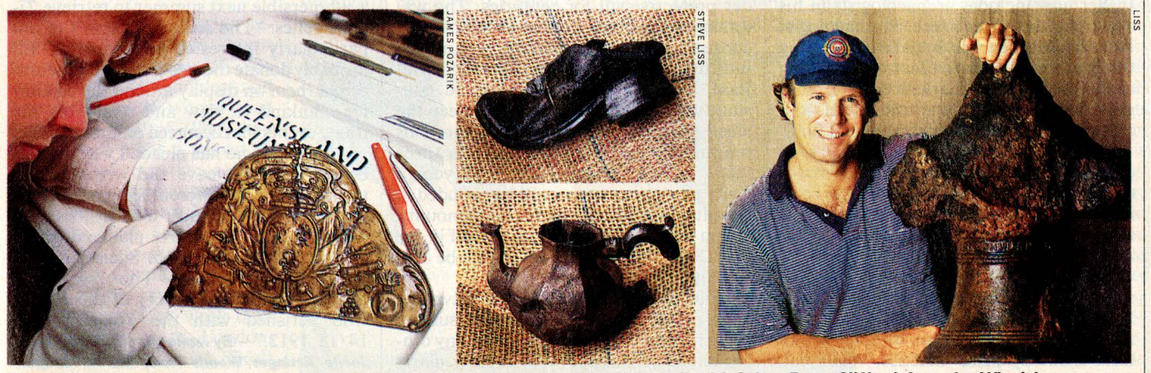
Over the years, *Alvin* has been joined in the seas by dozens of other manned submersibles, most of them American or French. The deepest operational diver of them all is the U.S. Navy's 31½-ft., 58,000-lb., three-man *Sea Cliff,* which can safely carry its crew to a depth of 20,000 ft. Its manipulator arms can operate a variety of underwater tools, including a drill, a cable cutter, scissors, and plier-like jaws that can grasp sunken torpedoes, as well as attach cable slings to raise heavier objects such as downed aircraft.

This month *Sea Cliff* will embark on a mission for the U.S. Geological Survey in the Gorda Ridge off the coast of California and Oregon. Descending to 13,000 ft., it will enable scientists to get a close-up look at nodules of manganese and other metals that build up near geologically active breaks in the earth's crust. In the future, even more versatile undersea craft will be used to mine these minerals and bring them to the surface.

J.J.'s performance on the *Titanic* mission drew attention to the potential of remotely operated vehicles, which are not only supplementing the work of manned submersibles but in many cases replacing them. ROVs became popular during the 1973 oil crisis, when companies were forced to search for new petroleum reserves beneath the sea. Most are self-propelled. They are connected to the mother ship by a cable, through which they receive electricity and commands from their human pilot and transmit pictures and data. It was an advanced ROV, the Gemini, that played a key role in the recovery of wreckage from the space shuttle *Challenger.* Designed to operate at depths as great as 5,000 ft., the 7,000-lb. ungainly craft uses hydraulic thrusters to maneuver like an underwater helicopter. It has two mechanical arms and is loaded with high-tech equipment. Its three cameras and two sonar systems give controllers on the surface a sweeping view of the depths.

Last year two other sophisticated U.S. ROVs, Scarab 1 and Scarab 2, reached the wreckage of Air-India Flight 182, which plunged into the North Atlantic 110 miles southwest of Ireland on June 23. Scarab 1 located and retrieved the 747's voice and flight-data recorders from a spot 6,700 ft. deep, while Scarab 2 mapped and photographed the wreckage, some of which was later retrieved. Their achievements enabled experts to determine that the jet's forward baggage hold had been ripped apart in the air, almost certainly by a bomb.

More advanced craft are on the way. The Navy's National Ocean Systems Center in San Diego is developing ROVs that operate free of a tether. These AUVs—autonomous underwater vehicles—will be programmed for missions before they are dropped overboard. "The next step," says Howard Talkington, head of NOSC's engineering and computer sci-



JAMES PAZERIK

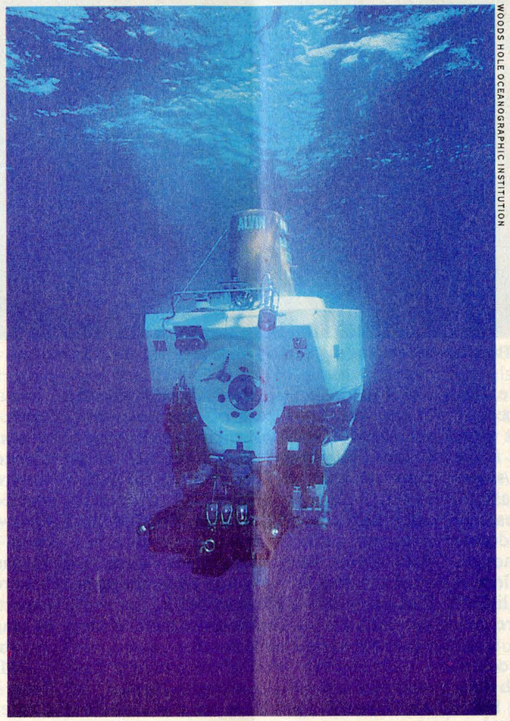
STEVE LISS

STEVE LISS

Restoring a brass hat ornament from Solomons shipwreck; a shoe, a teapot and the bell, with Salvor Barry Clifford, from the *Whydah*

ence department, "is to do away with the umbilical cord and operate the ROV completely in a robotic manner."

ROVs and other high-tech underwater equipment are no longer the exclusive province of oil companies and the military. Hydro Products of San Diego markets for only $35,995 a 56-lb. model equipped with a panning and tilting color-TV camera and capable of diving to 330 ft. Says Hydro Products Executive Bob McKee: "You can just throw it into the back of your pickup, run out to the site and throw it into the water." Prices are also dropping for such devices as side-scan sonar, which generates high-resolution images of the ocean bottom, and sub-bottom sonar, which can distinguish the shape of buried objects.



WOODS HOLE OCEANOGRAPHIC INSTITUTION

The plucky submersible *Alvin* takes the plunge

A stellar performance in a long list of accomplishments.

Treasure hunters are delighted by the trend, which has made many previously unreachable or unknown offshore wrecks accessible to enterprising amateurs. But scientists are becoming agitated. "This technology is out of control," Ballard told a congressional hearing last year. Says Helen Hooper, a consultant for the Society for Archaeology: "There's a mini-gold rush going on right now, and it's endangering some of the more important sites. We're afraid that if there isn't some slowing down of this treasure hunting, there won't be anything left."

George Bass and other archaeologists worry not only about the looting of rare artifacts but about the damage done by treasure hunters, most of whom care little about the remnants of the sunken ships. The scientists, accustomed to removing artifacts gingerly, carefully digging with spoons and even their fingers, are particularly horrified by the use of mailboxes, which can blow 3-ft. to 6-ft. holes in the sand, scattering artifacts.

The barrage of criticism has had its effect on big-time treasure hunters; even Fisher now includes archaeologists in his crew. At the *Atocha* site, Archaeologist Duncan Mathewson is carefully noting the position of each artifact and labeling each find. He has marked the site with grids, using yellow tape and pipes, and pinpointed each piece of the ancient hull.

Archaeologists are particularly concerned about the buried remains of wooden hulls, the part of the ship that has sunk into the seabed or been covered by drifting sand or silt and thus preserved. These remnants, which deteriorate rapidly when exposed to the open sea, provide a wealth of information to scientists. Says Richard Steffy, an INA ship reconstructor: "Ships were the most complex structures made by these societies. When you look at the remains of a ship, you're looking at a very high degree of technology within that period." Working with a crew of assistants and archaeologists, Steffy sketches the shape of each surviving plank fragment, frame and other timbers as soon as possible after it is raised, then makes scaled-down copies of the pieces and fits them together. He has made a hypothetical reproduction of a ship's hull from 10% of the surviving timbers.

In Britain, a group of marine archaeologists has more to work with. When they located the 16th century warship *Mary Rose* (which sank in 45 ft. of water off Portsmouth in 1545) and raised it in 1982, half of the hull had been buried under protective silt for centuries. The waterlogged structure, part of which had the consistency of wet cardboard, was moved into dry dock at the Portsmouth Naval Base, and has since been sprayed constantly with a cold-water mist to keep the wood from disintegrating in the air. This treatment will continue for another three years, after which polyethylene glycol, a waxy preserving agent, will be included in the mist in gradually increasing amounts. When the spray is finally turned off in the year 2001, the historic hull should be able to stand on its own.

For all the excavation and salvaging now under way, thousands of sunken ships remain undiscovered and many others unexplored. A few rank particularly high on the wish lists of marine archaeologists and treasure hunters. For four years an INA team led by Archaeologist Roger Smith has been scouring Jamaica's St. Ann's Bay for two of Columbus' caravels thought to have been intentionally run aground in 1503. "The caravels that Columbus sailed to the New World were the Mercury space capsules of their day," he says. "And somewhere beneath the soft sediments of this bay there are not one but two of those ships."

Queensland Museum archaeologists are planning an expedition this fall to the *Pandora,* an 18th century British navy frigate that lies 75 miles east of Australia's Cape York Peninsula. When *Pandora* sank in 1791, it is thought to have carried to the bottom four captured mutineers from H.M.S. *Bounty* shackled in irons. Since the wreck was discovered nine years ago, it has yielded some 800 well-preserved artifacts. But a shortage of funds cut off exploration two years ago. "If the funding continues," says Peter Gesner, the museum's assistant curator of maritime archaeology, "we can expect to end up with tens of thousands of artifacts."

Barry Clifford's new goal is to salvage H.M.S. *Hussar,* a British pay ship that sank in 80 ft. of water in the East River off Manhattan in 1780 laden with a cargo of gold that some experts estimate to be worth $500 million. Clifford has been granted an initial exploration permit for the *Hussar* by New York State, and expects to begin probing the river's treacherous five-knot currents and polluted water this week.

Now that Robert Ballard has proved that artifacts from the *Titanic* can be salvaged ("It would have been easy to retrieve those things," he said last week), the great ship may become a target for treasure hunters. Texas Oil Baron Jack Grimm, who between 1980 and 1983 spent a total of $2 million on three failed missions to find the *Titanic,* announced last week that he plans to use a submersible next summer to retrieve *Titanic* relics. "The selling of them I'm not particularly interested in," he says. "I'll probably donate them to different museums or put them on display around the country for mankind to view and remember the tragic events that occurred on that night."

Ballard, who has pleaded with would-be salvagers to leave the wreck undisturbed, prefers a different form of remembrance. On his seventh dive in *Alvin,* he placed a commemorative plaque donated by the Titanic Historical Society on the vessel's stern section. The inscription reads in part: "In memory of those souls who perished with the *Titanic,* April 14/15, 1912."—***By Jamie Murphy. Reported by Joelle Attinger/Woods Hole, Marcia Gauger/Key West and Mehmet Ali Kislali/Kaş***

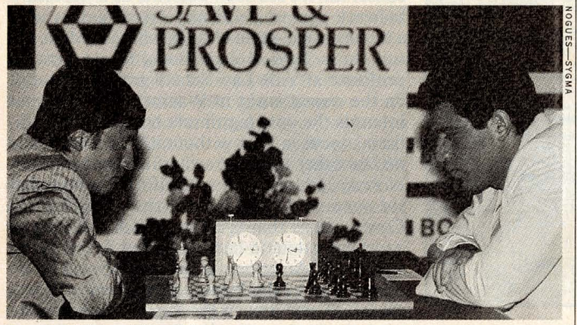
HELMUT NEWTON—SYGMA

Hutton poses in Paris: nothing flagrant about the birthmark

Vive le sex hot! Seems Paris is in the midst of a summertime wave of torrid movies, and **Lauren Hutton**, the onetime Revlon model turned actress, is riding the crest. *Flagrant Désir,* which has just opened in France, is about a nymphomaniac, the daughter of a solid bourgeois vintner, who is suspected of murder. While investigating the crime, the police uncork the sensual secrets of upper-caste life in the French wine country. The film drew cool reviews, but Hutton, playing the part of a mysterious aristocrat whose wine-stain birthmark takes on a symbolic significance, gets high marks from the movie's director, **Claude Faraldo,** for her performance as well as her beauty. "She's a pure-bred, quicksilver [woman] who sometimes needs to be tempered," he says. Oh well, thanks to Hutton's bedroom posing for German Photographer **Helmut Newton,** at least we know where that birthmark isn't.

■

It was a gala grudge rematch for Soviet Chess Champions **Gary Kasparov,** 23, the current world titleholder, and **Anatoly Karpov,** 35, who reigned from 1975 to 1985. They had played each other a record 72 times in 14 months: a five-month, 48-game marathon that ended without a winner in February 1985, and a second match that finished last November in a smashing 13-11 victory for the brash, high-living Kasparov. Last week they began Round 3 in London, with Games 73, 74 and 75 (all draws). But not before an opening round of press-conference publicity, in which Kasparov, asked about his playboy image, shrugged, "I must accept it," and said of his challenger, "Unfortunately I cannot choose my opponents." Karpov, the quiet, defensive killer shark, kept his hostility in check but brought along a public relations aide to praise his style as one that "belongs to the next century." The series will move to Leningrad after the twelth game. Will Karpov exact revenge? Not according to London bookies, who rate Kasparov an 8-13 favorite.



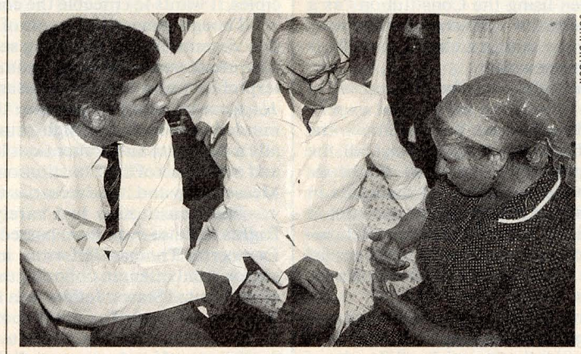
NOGUES—SYGMA

Karpov, left, and Champion Kasparov: checkmateys in London

■

Immediately after the Chernobyl nuclear accident last April, the Soviets spurned U.S. offers of aid. But they did allow Millionaire Industrialist **Armand Hammer** to dispatch his friend Bone Marrow Specialist **Dr. Robert Gale** to help. Two weeks ago Hammer became the first known nonmedical Westerner to meet with those hospitalized by the disaster. Accompanied by Gale, Hammer visited Kiev's Hospital 14, where 259 Chernobyl victims have been treated, and talked with two heroes, **S.T. Milgevsky** and **N.E. Fedorenko,** bus drivers who ferried firemen and workers to and from the reactor area after the explosion. Why did they do it? Hammer asked. "Someone had to," they replied. Would they do it again? "Sure." Hammer also met **V.D. Dznenko,** who had been visiting her daughter in the area at the time of the accident. Afterward Hammer and Gale took a low-altitude flight over the damaged reactor and nearby deserted villages. "It was an eerie sight," Hammer said. "I wish that anyone who thinks that a nuclear war can be won could see what I've seen."

■



JOHN BRYSON

Gale, Hammer and Soviet Citizen Dznenko converse at Kiev hospital

She is a pint-size prodigy, only 14 years old, and she already enjoys a flourishing solo career. New York *Times* Music Critic **John Rockwell** has described her as "a truly astonishing technician" with "artistic instincts far more mature than those of a child." On a muggy evening two weeks ago, the Japanese-born **Midori** showed she was that and more at Massachusetts' Tanglewood festival, where she was playing **Leonard Bernstein's** difficult *Serenade* with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, directed by the composer himself. When her E string gave out, she calmly appealed to the concertmaster, who handed over his Stradivarius. When the Strad's E string snapped a few moments later, Midori again turned to the concertmaster, by now playing his associate's Guadagnini. He traded again, and she flawlessly finished the piece, earning a tumultuous ovation from the audience and hugs and kisses from Bernstein and her two lenders. "It was really going for me by then," she said by way of explaining the three-fiddle feat. "I really like the work, and I didn't want to stop and spoil it." —***By Sara C. Medina***

JEFFREY AARONSON

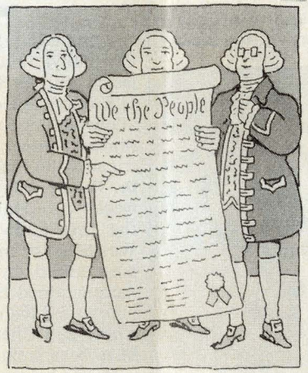
Midori: a three-fiddle virtuoso

Essay

Radicals in Conservative Garb

When President Reagan nominated William Rehnquist as Chief Justice and Antonin Scalia to replace him as Associate on the Supreme Court, he explained that he wanted judges who would be "attentive to the rights specifically guaranteed in our Constitution and the proper role of the courts in our democratic system." On the surface that remark certainly seemed both reasonable and moderate, a respectful back-to-basics prescription for the high court. To a host of legal scholars, Democratic politicians and aroused liberals who saw beneath the surface, however, the words meant something else altogether. The President, these critics complained, was wrapping himself in the Constitution while trying, in the words of Julius Chambers, director of the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund, "to impose his own narrow ideological views onto the Supreme Court."

As those critics perceived it, the Rehnquist and Scalia nominations were part of the Administration's long-running assault on the court to reverse decisions the White House regards as too meddlesome with the law and too liberal in their interpretations of the Constitution. Attorney General Edwin Meese III stepped forward as point man for the assault last summer and, in the year since, has lambasted the high court as few of his predecessors have ventured to do.



▸ He pronounced "constitutionally wrong" the 1973 *Roe vs. Wade* opinion that overturned a state-court ruling against abortion.

▸ He ridiculed the "bewildering Catch-22 logic" behind the 1985 *Aguilar vs. Felton* decision forbidding public school teachers to instruct in parochial schools. He remarked that the court's generally high level of neutrality between what he called religion and irreligion (e.g., barring prayer in public schools) would have struck the framers of the Constitution as "bizarre."

▸ He has urged "doing away with Miranda," the 1966 ruling that criminal suspects must be advised of their right not to answer questions, and he has denounced the 1961 *Mapp vs. Ohio* verdict blocking the use in a trial of illegally seized evidence. Such judgments aid only the guilty, he said, insisting, "You don't have many suspects who are innocent of a crime."

▸ He damned as "intellectually shaky" the bedrock concept, first defined by the court 60 years ago, that the 14th Amendment applies key provisions of the Bill of Rights to the states, and not just to federal cases.

Such "infamous" policy decisions, declared Meese, amply prove that some judges have been using the Constitution "as a charter for judicial activism on behalf of various constituencies." The proper role for the judiciary, he said in a climactic scold, is to guard the Constitution, not tamper with it.

The President has also made it clear that he disapproves of the court's tendency to indulge in what he calls social experimentation. Because "the Founding Fathers knew that . . . the power of the judiciary could be abused," said Reagan last fall, the framers crafted a meticulously worded Constitution whose instructions must be strictly followed according to the spirit in which they were first written, and not interpreted to conform to "anyone's personal view of utopia." Under this presidential reasoning, since the Constitution does not specifically mention, for example, abortion, the Supreme Court has no right telling anyone, including the states, what to do about it.

Picking up the President's line, Meese espouses a "jurisprudence of original intention." Its gist is that members of the bench should not only conform to a strict construction of the document's words, but also put themselves so closely in harmony with the framers' purpose as to "resurrect the original meaning of constitutional provisions and statutes as the only reliable guide for judgment." Thus may a Justice serve the law, says Meese, "rather than being a lawmaker."

Rehnquist and Scalia, though no banner carriers for strict construction or intent, stand foursquare for judicial restraint. In fact, Rehnquist has written that the concentration of power in the Supreme Court strikes him as "basically unhealthy," a usurping of the legislative process. Scalia, a particular foe of both *Roe vs. Wade* and affirmative action, also believes matters like these are the natural political business of elected representatives. A court, he says, must not be poking into "social judgments that ought better be left to the democratic process."

Of course, more than a few issues have been settled by the high court because Congress, out of carelessness or political pusillanimity, has failed to address them adequately. Nonetheless, many conservatives see such doctrine as a necessary bulwark against politically driven judges with a trendy mind-set to change whatever does not suit them. Says Robert Bork, for 16 years a professor at Yale Law School and now a judge on the circuit court in Washington: "Original intent is the only legitimate basis for constitutional decision," for without it "there would be no law other than the will of the judge." John Noonan, a University of California law professor appointed last winter to the Ninth Circuit Court, warns that the activism of the current court has a double-barreled effect. It upsets the balance of America's governing powers by siphoning away the legislature's function of creating law, and it turns the Supreme Court "into a continuing constitutional convention," leaving the nation no rock upon which to stand. The solution? "I'm for stepping back," he says.

Liberals and even some mid-roaders, however, fear that a judicial step back might leave unprotected the rights of accused criminals and others for whom legislators may have little sympathy. They further fear that conservatives will not be satisfied merely by stepping back. As American University Law Professor Herman Schwartz puts it, these disciples of original intent really want "to roll back the clock on civil rights, civil liberties and church-state issues." Since the Administration has been stonewalled by Congress on new laws to diminish these rights and principles, it wants to enfeeble the court's will to protect them.

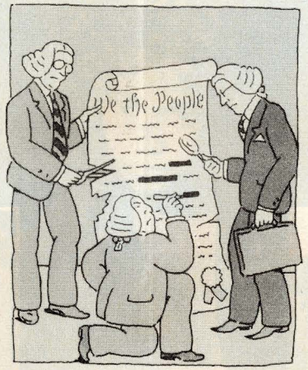
Though some of the points of controversy that have triggered this visceral debate, including school prayer and legalized abortion, are current, the basic arguments over strict construction, interpretation and original intent are as old as the Constitution. And despite a tendency to perceive the Founding Fathers as a like-minded convocation of high-principled thinkers, they were actually a disparate and contentious lot who wrangled over the words and intentions of the Constitution as hotly then as do the Reagan-Meese camp and its adversaries today.

The Constitution had barely been ratified and the Bill of Rights had not even been passed when the quintessential liberal Democrat, Thomas Jefferson, invoked both strict construction and original intent in opposing the 1791 charter for the first Bank of the United States. Jefferson, a fundamental states'-righter who despised the kind of centralization represented by a federal bank, wrote that the authority to create such a national corporation was "not among the powers *specially* enumerated . . . by the Constitution." Nor, he contended, should one try to create new powers through interpretation of the document's phrases, for the Constitution "was intended to lace them up straitly within the enumerated powers." But Alexander Hamilton, the consummate Federalist, argued that within the Constitution lay implied as well as explicit authority. Among the former was the power to get things done that needed doing.

The bank stood, and strict construction of the most literal kind took its first major licking. As for the intent of the framers, none other than James Madison, regarded as prime architect of the founding document, told Congress in 1796 that whatever the framers had said or thought "could *never* be regarded as the oracular guide expounding the Constitution."

Both strict construction and intent suffered again when Jefferson, the unrelenting literalist, became President and was agonizing over the Louisiana Purchase. He could not find in the Constitution either the words or the implication that would permit him to buy the immense territory. But buy it he did, in 1803, under the broad and flexible charter the Constitution already was coming to be. Many legal scholars feel that if the bank did not drive a stake through the heart of strict construction, Louisiana surely did.

The same year, in the celebrated case of *Marbury vs. Madison,* Chief Justice John Marshall wrote the opinion giving the Supreme Court, indeed the entire judiciary, the power of review that the Administration now believes to be overused. In creating the watershed precedent, Marshall used the very kind of interpretive reasoning Meese finds deplorable in modern cases. Essentially, Marshall declared the 1789 Judiciary Act giving the court jurisdiction in *Marbury* was unconstitutional. Even though the Constitution nowhere expressly granted the court power to overturn an act of Congress, Marshall insisted the broad thrust of the document was, in fact, to keep lawmakers within the bounds of the Constitution by giving the judiciary the right of review.



Meese's passion for intent is so great that he has praised Marshall for it, even in *Marbury vs. Madison.* Meese has also managed to laud the decision on *McCulloch vs. Maryland* in 1819 as an exemplar of intent—the intent, says Meese, to leave lawmaking to Congress. Yet the primary effect of *McCulloch,* which rejected a state challenge to the national bank, was to affirm federal power over the states in any fundamental legal confrontation. In his opinion, Marshall inveighed against "the baneful influence of . . . narrow construction on all the operations of the government."

Despite these heavy wounds, both strict construction and original intent have been summoned up again and again by judicial advocates who have found them useful. Chief Justice Roger Taney, a sometime slaveholder, invoked both when, in 1857, he handed down the decision denying the freedom sought by the slave Dred Scott. Neither slaves nor their descendants, said Taney, were "intended to be included, under the word 'citizens' in the Constitution, and can therefore claim none of the rights and privileges." Nor could they ever be included, since no court or Congress or President could "exercise any authority beyond the limits marked out by the Constitution, [which] speaks not only in the same words, but with the same meaning and intent with which it spoke when it came from the hands of its framers."

Constitutional scholars like Harvard's Laurence Tribe and Columbia's Vincent Blasi see a cloaked radicalism in such doctrine. While claiming legitimacy from the founders, they argue, a decision like *Dred Scott* flouts decades of evolving law and practice—in this case the Missouri Compromise, along with other statutes through which Congress sought to regulate slavery in the territories. The real orthodoxy and stability in law, says Blasi, is to adhere to the expanding thrust of precedent, and to respect and integrate the judgments of successive generations, rather than ascribe mythical intentions to the Founding Fathers. As Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, "It is revolting to have no better reason for a rule of law than that it was laid down in the time of Henry IV. It is still more revolting if the grounds upon which it was laid down have long since vanished."

Almost 40 years after *Dred Scott,* well after the Civil War and the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments had guaranteed the long-denied citizenship and rights within all the United States, the court did it again. Seizing on the 14th Amendment's phrase "equal protection under the law," it upheld, in *Plessy vs. Ferguson,* a Louisiana statute mandating separate but "equal" public facilities for blacks. Indeed, those challenging Rehnquist's nomination cite a memorandum he once wrote stating, "I think *Plessy vs. Ferguson* was right and should be reaffirmed."

Meese has denigrated the *Dred Scott* and *Plessy* opinions and has cheered the 1954 *Brown vs. Board of Education* verdict, whose broad result was to end legal segregation. In *Brown,* said Meese, the court "was restoring the original principle of the Constitution to constitutional law." Yet the *Brown* decision rests primarily on an interpretation, not a strict reading, of the 14th Amendment's equal-protection clause. And it was attacked by segregationists at the time as social engineering that went against the intentions of the amendment's framers.

The fact is that original intent, as Attorney General Meese uses it, simply melts when held up to the flame of history. Justice Sandra O'Connor reaffirmed the point not long ago in her concurrence barring Alabama's moment of silence in public schools: "It is unlikely that the [framers] anticipated the problems of interaction of church and state in the public schools," she wrote, for the simple reason that, in the 18th century, there was virtually no public education as we know it.

Besides, strict construction, though drawn as the good sword of conservatism in the current debate, has proved to be a wonderful weapon for liberals in times past. The life master among strict constructionists, Justice Hugo Black, had this to say about the rights of the accused: "I subscribe to the doctrine that the Fifth Amendment, which says 'no person shall be compelled to be a witness against himself,' means that no person shall be compelled to be a witness against himself." And there goes Meese's position against *Miranda.* Black was also adamant about the 14th Amendment's power to apply the entire Bill of Rights to state law.

One has to wonder whether the Attorney General has considered the kind of genie that can rise from the constructionist bottle. Strict adherence might have prevented his boss from making war in Grenada. Keeping the CIA's favorite secrets would be impossible. There could be no federal minimum wage. The Air Force could not be funded (the Constitution mentions only an Army and a Navy), and the FCC, if it existed at all, could not assign television channels.

The fact is that virtually every genuine constitutional question has unique complexities that do not lend themselves to the slambang simplicity espoused by Reagan and Meese. For as Jefferson noted two centuries ago, the founders "laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves." And as Tribe's latest book, *God Save This Honorable Court,* clearly shows, the very breadth of the Constitution makes it an imperfect guide in specific matters. Such vague phrases as "unreasonable search," "equal protection of the laws," or "due process," writes Tribe, "not only invite but *compel* the Supreme Court to put meaning *into* the Constitution" rather than simply trying to take meaning from it.

By and large, that has been the court's chief business ever since it first went into business. In Holmes' words, the Constitution has ramifications that "could not have been foreseen completely by the most gifted of its begetters." How, for example, could James Madison have foreseen a wiretap? Therefore its precise phrases, and the possible intent by which they were formed in a world dead and gone, carry far less weight than the flow of legal history and the accumulated power of precedent. Says Justice William J. Brennan Jr.: "The ultimate question must be, what do the words of the text mean in our time?" John Marshall, as usual, may have put it best. "We must never forget," he wrote in *McCulloch,* "that this is a *constitution* we are expounding . . . intended to endure for ages to come, and, consequently, to be adapted to the various *crises* of human affairs."

—*By Ezra Bowen*

Illustrations for TIME by Seymour Chwast

Red Rambo, Momo and Meow Meow

In movie theaters all over the world, summer is the silly season

Earlier this year, officials in M
were grousing publicly that
wood films like *Rambo: First Bloo*
II and *Red Dawn* were stirring up a
viet sentiment and glorifying w
much the worse since black-r
videocassettes have made *Rambo*
derground hit among the growing n
of Soviets with VCRs.

But even as the Kremlin grumbl
state-run Mosfilm studio was read
counterattack, with the result th
movie hit of Moscow this summer
Voyage, a commando action picture
hero who comes across as somethi
Russian Rambo. *Solo Voyage* (Russ
tle: *Odinochnoye Plavaniye)* pits a se
but determined Soviet army major
Shatokhin (played by Mikhail Nc
against a cabal of U.S. businessme
agents and renegade G.I.s. Shatokh
his men foil the Americans' sche
trigger a nuclear conflict, though th
with enough shooting, stabbing ar
nade flinging to make war seem a le
ligerent alternative. Yet even as he
firepower, Shatokhin is a
poetic soul, a man who fa-
vors lengthy communion
with the sunset. His
mates, whose profanities
never venture beyond the
Russian equivalent of
"Oh, fudge," pass the time
with patriotic songs. The
Americans, played by So-
viet actors, snarl in Rus-
sian-accented English.

Solo Voyage repres-
ents not only a Mosfilm
riposte to Hollywood Red-baiting but a
lunge, however awkward, into the action-
adventure field, a genre in which Soviet
filmmakers have rarely excelled. Though
tame by the standards of *Rambo,* the fire
fights in *Solo Voyage* have made it a crowd
pleaser, even if one not suited to more dis-
criminating tastes. Leaving after the con-
clusion of a sold-out showing at a Moscow
theater last week, one equanimous young
moviegoer compared *Solo Voyage* to
Rambo: "This was horrible too." Although
Soviet audiences respond to mayhem on
the screen less eagerly than do those
Americans sent into frenzies by Sylvester
Stallone, many gasp at the end when Sha-
tokhin is abruptly gunned down. His
death, to be sure, is a studio miscalcula-
tion: How will Mosfilm do a sequel?

■ ■ ■

It was the Germans who coined the
word kitsch. They needed it to describe
things like hand-painted porcelain milk-
maids and the more fulsome brand of op-

TIME

Three Year Protection

Guarantee Your Investment for 3 years

☐ Yes, I want to flight inflation by securing 3 years of TIME, The World Newsmagazine, at HK$8.00 an issue. (That's 5% off the basic rate and 52% off the newsstand cost) and I'll receive TIME weekly, with no break in service, for the next three years. I may cancel at anytime and receive a full refund on the unfulfiled copies.

☐ Bill me later ☐ Payment enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Tel. _____

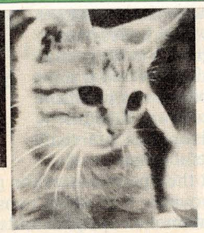
Signature _____

4783

☐ I prefer one year of TIME at HK$8.50 an issue. (Save 50% off newsstand cost)

Time's basic subscription rate is HK$8.50 an issue. Newsstand cost is HK$17.00 an issue. Rates valid until October 31, 1986.
Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of the first issue.

TASS



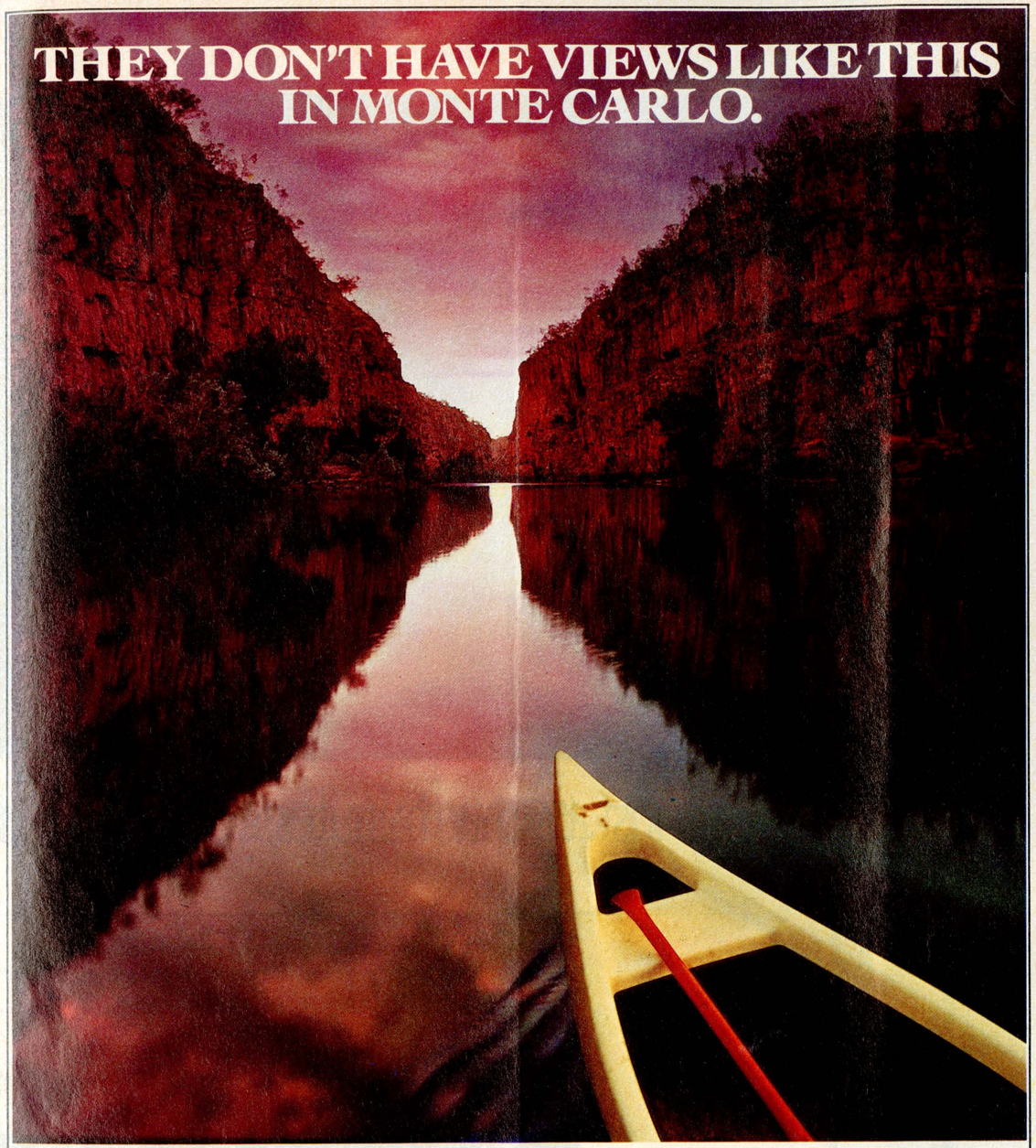
Clockwise from left: Nozhkin as the Soviet major, Bokel in *Momo*, Chatran

first two weeks after its mid-July opening. Its success may have been a foregone conclusion. The film is based on a fable by Michael Ende that has sold more than 1.5 million copies since its publication in 1973. *Momo's* producer, Horst Wendlandt, is thrilled that the popularity of Ende's book is shared by the movie. "Since his book is a great success, and his name is famous, nothing can go wrong with my film," Wendlandt exults.

In fact, Ende's book is typically described as a cult classic. It was during the same period in which the seeds of the Green Party were being sown in German politics that Ende, who also wrote *The Neverending Story,* found a ready audience for his warnings about greed and materialism. Now a generation of Momophiles are turning out for the movie. Johannes Schaaf, whom Ende praises for directing the film with a minimum of special effects, declares that the "film is against false progress, which leads to the destruction of our planet and makes life intolerable." In-

lion, racked up $18 million in ticket sales in the first two weeks of its release. Its success is testimony not only to the Japanese appetite for the cutest of sentiments but also to the selling power of the interlocked Japanese media. Produced by Fuji TV, part of a large media conglomerate, *Chatran* benefited from a company-inspired epidemic of "cat fever." The film was plugged ceaselessly on Fuji-affiliated broadcast outlets. One radio station used the cat's meow instead of a tone to mark the hours. Scenes from the film turned up as the backdrop for voice-over TV news and weather broadcasts. There was constant drumbeating for *Chatran* in the Fuji-associated *Sankei Shimbun* of Tokyo, Japan's fourth largest daily.

Not surprisingly, cat dolls, cat stickers and cat T shirts are currently big sellers in Japan. The Tokyo metropolitan police department is using Chatran in a subway poster campaign warning children not to talk to strangers. ("Let's be careful," the kitten advises cryptically, "of sweet words and dark paths.") The media force feeding has clearly paid off. Says Producer Masaru Kakutani, with the smile of a doting parent: "Now he's a social phenomenon." —*By Richard Lacayo. Reported by Wanda Menke-Glueckert/Bonn and Nancy Traver/Moscow*



This is the land of the dreamtime.

The edge of civilisation. And the last place on earth you'd expect to find an international casino. (Thanks to $6 million worth of refurbishments.)

Yet at Darwin's Diamond Beach Hotel Casino you'll find the opulence of Aspinalls, the luxury of Loew's, the money of Monte Carlo, and something else.

A prehistoric land with the power to awe the most jaded traveller.

Where the sightseeing is spectacular. Where golf and swimming and tennis are never out of season.

Where your favourite French and Chinese cuisines are served in restaurants of uncommon elegance.

Of course, if you should tire of our views, there's always the ongoing extravaganza of concerts, shows and discos to bring you the best in international and Australian entertainment.

And the gambling stakes are Australia's highest.

Diamond Beach in Darwin and Diamond Springs in Alice Springs embrace all you love about the most civilised international resorts.

Yet they are as far from the everyday world as you could wish to be. And that may be our most attractive view of all.

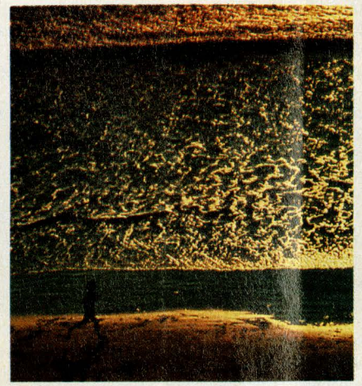
For details please contact your travel agent or write to the Sales Manager, Diamond Beach Hotel Casino, P.O. Box 3846, Darwin.

DIAMOND BEACH • HOTEL CASINO • DARWIN • AUSTRALIA

DFSNOL0707T

SWIMMING POOLS

SQUASH & TENNIS



Now in just twenty minutes, you can steer out of the jungle and into the trees.

At the end of the day, leaving the tangled mass of concrete, the massive build-up of traffic to return home by the most scenic route on Hong Kong Island can be counted as one of life's great pleasures. Cruising down Deepwater Bay Road and connecting smoothly to Repulse Bay with its magnificent sea views all the way to The Manhattan. And just before you hit the bend that takes you to its red marble frontage, you could choose to make the small detour down to the picturesque beach-front town of Stanley for a short supermarket stop, drinks by the sea or flowers for the lady; perhaps even dinner.

Life at The Manhattan is more than living well; it's living with choices you want to make. And not many people have that luxury.

For more information on the apartments with Hong Kong's most complete recreational facilities call: **5-299590, 5-299576.**

RENTAL FROM $22,000 UP

The Manhattan

33 Tai Tam Road

When the Shooting Starts

RED STORM RISING *by Tom Clancy; Putnam; 652 pages; $19.95*

"What modern combat lacks in humanity, it more than makes up for in intensity," observes a reporter aboard an American frigate that has just repelled a Soviet missile attack. The same could be said of Tom Clancy's new military thriller, *Red Storm Rising*. In this version of blocs in conflict, the most compelling actors are the high-tech weapons that Clancy portrays with deadly accuracy.

The author, a Maryland insurance broker with a passion for military hardware, blipped onto the national radar screen with his 1984 novel, *The Hunt for Red October*, a tale of a defecting Soviet nuclear submarine and its conflicted crew. Published by the Naval Institute Press, known primarily for academic and technical journals, the book was praised by Ronald Reagan as "the perfect yarn," became the sleeper of the year and stayed on the best-seller lists for seven months. With his new novel, Clancy has climbed out of the water. This time his subject is nothing less than World War III.

When Muslim fundamentalists disable a crucial Soviet oil refinery, Moscow works out a cold-blooded scheme to prevent the country's economy from collapsing: KGB agents blow up a group of Soviet schoolchildren visiting the Kremlin; the U.S.S.R. then blames the attack on West German terrorists, launches an invasion of Central Europe, captures Iceland and rushes the navy into action in an attempt to control the North Atlantic sea-lanes—all as a ruse for grabbing Persian Gulf oil facilities. The pretext serves Clancy better than it does the Soviets: it provides a fine backdrop for his account of strategies and shoot-outs.

Laymen tend to envision a future world war as instant Armageddon. Clancy knows better. Instead of staging yet another atomic holocaust, he imagines a scenario that accounts for much U.S. defense spending: a protracted showdown arising from a conventional Soviet attack on NATO. Although each side briefly contemplates "going nuclear," neither is willing to reach for the button; instead, the fighting involves a land war on the plains of Germany and games of hide-and-seek on the high seas.

For true military aficionados, the book offers an abundance of informed tidbits: an appearance by the secret radar-evading F-19 Stealth fighter plane, which the Pentagon has refused to admit exists even after one apparently crashed in California last month; descriptions of advances in antisubmarine weapons, among them passive sonars towed by computer-packed surveillance ships; and a stark examination of the critical role that Iceland plays in the naval strategy of the Western alliance.

Most of the material in the book was gathered from a number of unclassified sources and journals. The Navy provided unofficial support, allowing Clancy to visit nuclear submarines and spend a week aboard a frigate. To help simulate the look, sound and feel of combat, he worked with Larry Bond, an ex-naval officer who developed a war game called Harpoon. In it, players simulate naval engagements, using the newest and most sophisticated arms.

Throughout the war, missile and torpedo firings are described in harrowing (and sometimes reassuring) detail, and conversations among radar technicians are loaded with the requisite Pentagon jargon. Clancy convincingly shows the importance of electronic intelligence—gathered by satellites, ships, planes and submarines—to modern warfare. Yet it is an old-fashioned human component that proves to be a critical factor. One of the multitude of subplots involves four Americans wandering the barren terrain of occupied Iceland, reporting Soviet movements on a primitive two-way radio. At first, allied analysts are skeptical about the information, but it turns out to be crucial. Here Clancy goes off automatic pilot; there are even a few romantic interludes, as if to remind the reader that the most brilliantly designed war games must depend, sooner or later, on that unpredictable computer called the human brain.

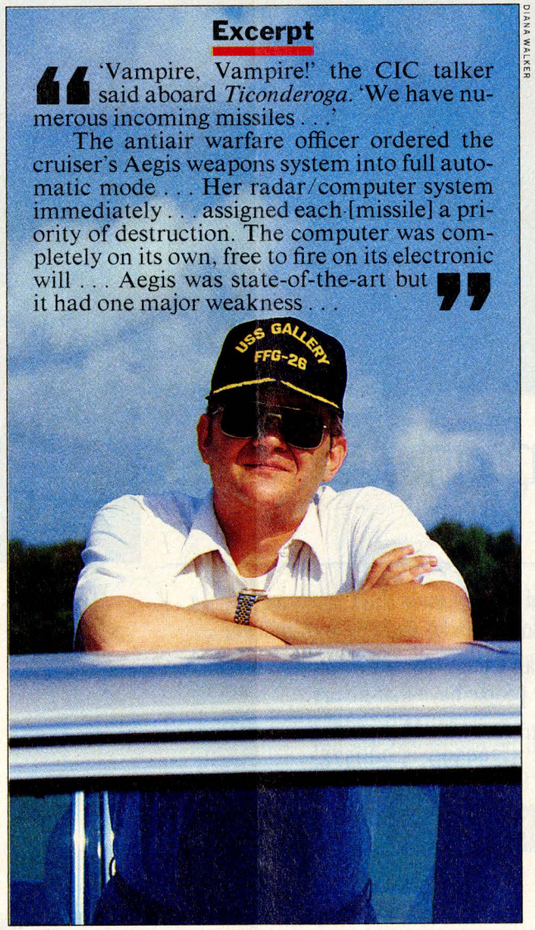
For Homo sapiens fans, the Iceland episodes will be far too short—they are a mere fraction of the 43-chapter epic. The book has a variety of heroes and villains in its complex weave of plot strands, but the diffuse locales and the lack of an appealing main character make for a somewhat choppy narrative. Intrigues within the Politburo are interspersed with tense moments in the control rooms of submarines deep in the Atlantic, arguments among analysts in Scotland, daring assaults by fighter pilots on satellites, feats by covert commandos and battlefield maneuvers by intrepid tank commanders. The tightly focused *Hunt for Red October* allowed Clancy to develop the psychological and even religious motivations of the main characters. For too much of *Red Storm Rising*, the humans are obscured by the afterburn of their weapons systems.

Oddly enough, it is this very flaw that enhances the credibility of *Red Storm Rising*. World War III, by most postulates, is not likely to involve a grand Tolstoyan sweep of personal valor. Arsenals and tactics might indeed be set in motion by the frailties of flesh-and-blood players, but once launched the lethal machines would take on a life of their own—almost like characters in a novel. That possibility, vividly rendered, is what gives Clancy's book such a chilling ring of truth. —*By Walter Isaacson*

Excerpt

"'Vampire, Vampire!' the CIC talker said aboard *Ticonderoga*. 'We have numerous incoming missiles . . .'

The antiair warfare officer ordered the cruiser's Aegis weapons system into full automatic mode . . . Her radar/computer system immediately . . . assigned each [missile] a priority of destruction. The computer was completely on its own, free to fire on its electronic will . . . Aegis was state-of-the-art but it had one major weakness . . ."



DIANA WALKER

Hitachi's wide-ranging technologies in communication (from left to right): optical fibers, image signal processor, advanced telephone exchange system, satellite communication, and machine translation system.

Communication is not simply sending a message...it is creating true understanding—swiftly, clearly and precisely.

"I know he's trying to tell me something: but what does he really mean?" In our world of proliferating technologies and new terminology, this kind of question is asked a lot. Here is what we are doing about it.

Hitachi's scientists and technicians' long-term goal is to break the language barrier. They are diligently at work today on an array of projects that will vastly improve the communications of tomorrow.

For example, we've made tremendous progress on a system to translate Japanese into English.

This system can be used to translate various scientific/technical papers and machinery/equipment manuals. Special "glossaries" can be developed to adapt it for fields as diverse as medicine, electronics and aeronautics. Further development could lead to automatic telephone translation or even portable verbal translators for travelers.

In addition to the machine translation system, Hitachi's research specialists are also developing advanced transmission systems that send your phone calls or business data across great distances using hair-thin optical fibers and laser beams. They are also working on other new methods of communications, such as advanced telephone exchange systems, satellite communication systems, TV conferences, and so forth. At the root of much of this is our highly advanced computer technology.

We link technology to human needs. We believe that Hitachi's advanced technologies will result in systems and products that are functionally sophisticated but easy to use. Our goal in communications—and transportation, energy and consumer electronics as well—is to build products and systems that will improve the quality of life the world around.

HITACHI

Up Staircase

HERE LIES
by Eric Ambler
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
234 pages; $16.95

To a generation raised on the novels of John le Carré, the name of Eric Ambler has assumed a legendary quality. Graham Greene generously called him "our greatest thriller writer," and in fact he and Greene invented the modern novel of intrigue, with its moral ambiguities and flawed, bone-weary protagonists. But the prolific Greene stayed in view. Ambler spent years between books and, like one of his characters, eventually slipped into the fog.

He has emerged at the age of 77 in a reflective mood prompted by a near fatal automobile accident in Switzerland, where he now lives. "Only an idiot believes that he can write the truth about himself," he begins, and then demonstrates that idiocy becomes him. Unlike Greene's God-haunted memoirs, Ambler's have few ominous moments and only one bitter note. The ironic revelation is his specialty: "Uncle Frank . . . had confidence in himself and had acquired important skills. We knew that because just a week ago he had been giving evidence . . . as a witness for the Prosecution. His expert field was the identification and valuation of non-ferrous scrap metal . . . It must have been at about that time, I think, that he began his remarkably long career as an embezzler." The failed playwright remembers his debut: "After the first act I wanted very much to leave." A colleague gives him "the job of editing a disastrous manuscript he had just received from one of his red-brick university dons. The subject of the book was Clear Thinking."

The mysterious process of creativity remains offstage in this short look back, but the sources of Ambler's work are discernible in his genealogy. His paternal grandfather was a printer's proofreader; his maternal grandfather was a cabinetmaker. This heritage, suggests the writer, must account for his tongue-and-groove plots and for a lifelong addiction to the printed word. The child's first polysyllabic effort was "Me-di-ter-ra-ne-an," a favorite locale for later fictions.

The London-bred novelist had two false starts. He was an engineering trainee at an electrical-products factory, a job that made him skeptical of some laborers' claims: "When, in explaining the job he did, a man told me that there was 'an art in it' it would very likely turn out to be basically unskilled." Then he became an advertising copywriter assigned to a chocolate laxative account: "In the copy department this was seen as a promotion for me. I tried to see it that way too." On holiday in France, he imagined

TIME Magazine
cordially invites you
to meet its most
desirable readers.

Occasion:
Gateways to the Pacific
A Special Advertising Section

Place:
TIME Top Management Edition

Date:
September 22, 1986

RSVP:
Your local TIME representative

An invitation. TIME Magazine invites you to advertise to America's most affluent, well-traveled businesspeople: the readers of TIME's Top Management edition. In *Gateways to the World of the Pacific,* a special advertising section on Pacific travel in the September 22 issue of TIME.

Inviting environment. *Gateways to the World of the Pacific* will be an invaluable resource for travelers. This lively guide will provide social notes, insights into local customs, and tips on shopping, dining, and business entertaining.

Exclusive audience. With a rate base of 600,000 subscribers, TIME's Top Management edition circulates exclusively to the top echelon of American business. These elite readers boast an average household income of $91,600—and when traveling, purchase for both business and personal reasons. Yet your cost to reach these readers is low, as the special advertising section appears only in this limited circulation edition.

R.S.V.P. This special advertising section will include a reader service card to encourage direct response.

To learn more, we invite you to contact your local TIME representative.

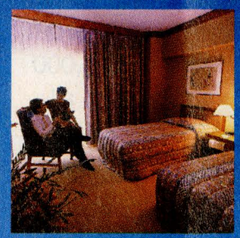
TIME
For international marketing.

THE VIEW
IN SINGAPORE

The widest selection of restaurants anywhere in Singapore.

Six superb tennis courts and four air-conditioned squash courts.

Two swimming pools, plus a comprehensive health and fitness centre.



Luxuriously appointed rooms and suites with spectacular ocean and island views.

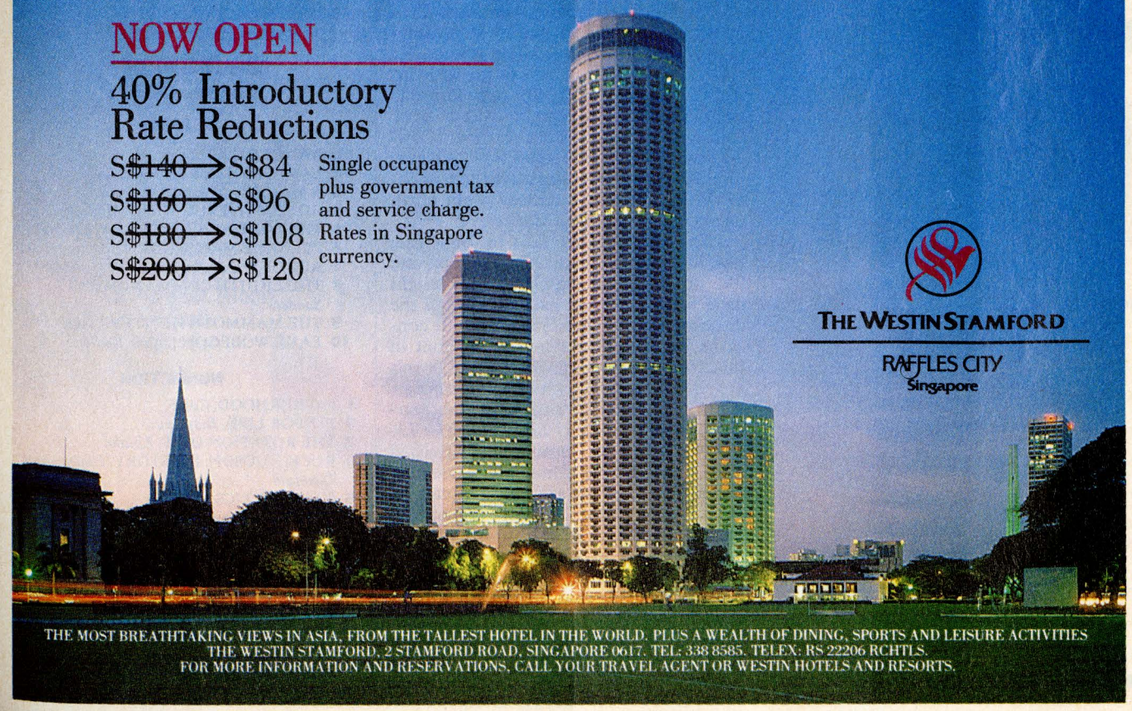
NOW OPEN

40% Introductory Rate Reductions

S$~~$140~~ → S$84
S$~~$160~~ → S$96
S$~~$180~~ → S$108
S$~~$200~~ → S$120

Single occupancy plus government tax and service charge. Rates in Singapore currency.

THE WESTIN STAMFORD
RAFFLES CITY
Singapore



THE MOST BREATHTAKING VIEWS IN ASIA, FROM THE TALLEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD. PLUS A WEALTH OF DINING, SPORTS AND LEISURE ACTIVITIES
THE WESTIN STAMFORD, 2 STAMFORD ROAD, SINGAPORE 0617. TEL: 338 8585. TELEX: RS 22206 RCHTLS.
FOR MORE INFORMATION AND RESERVATIONS, CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WESTIN HOTELS AND RESORTS.

REPORT TO ADVERTISERS

Dis·ci·pline

(ˈdis-ə-plən) *n.* system of rules governing conduct.

Discipline is the rule in our circulation department.

We're proud that our circulation recordkeeping procedures measure up to the industry-recognized standards of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, a not-for-profit organization whose more than 5,000 members represent all areas of the advertising and publishing industries in the United States and Canada.

Before you buy advertising, be sure to review the latest ABC information. We'll be pleased to send you a copy of our report.

TIME

ABC Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

a murder at a Marseilles waterfront. A few weeks later, a Yugoslav King was assassinated at the same spot. "I felt oddly guilty," Ambler admits, "but also pleased." His first novel, *The Dark Frontier,* was even more premonitory: its villains were toying with atomic blackmail. The year was 1935. As Europe slid toward war, he began to write against the pulp tradition of "power-crazed or coldly sane, master criminals or old-fashioned professional devils . . . I no longer believed a word of them." His tales concerned a real world of crumbling borders and bullied refugees. His antagonists were as dangerous as the dictator next door, and his narrators looked and sounded the way familiar citizens do when they are inadvertently caught up in history. Readers, weary of standard-issue superheroes, enthusiastically pushed him onto the best-seller list.

But he was never comfortable with celebrity or with celebrities, and those he met on the up staircase are recalled with great irreverence. As a World War II artillery officer assigned to Winston Churchill's headquarters at Chequers, Captain Ambler attended a private screening of an American musical. In the dark, the Prime Minister mumbled a forthcoming speech to himself: "I could not distinguish words; what he was rehearsing was the way he would deliver the words . . . Dum-dum-di-dah, it went, and then dum-dum-di-doh followed by a challenging doh-doh-di-di? On and on it went. He was supplying the music to go with his words." Dinner with an ostentatiously bored Somerset Maugham was a frost: "He had had enough of me. Noel [Coward] was the one who knew how to please him. He came bounding in, made straight for Willie, bobbed a curtsey, went down on one knee and said, *'Maître!'* "

JERRY BAUER

Eric Ambler

The shadow that falls in *Here Lies* has little to do with Ambler's private life or his two marriages—he might have been a lifelong bachelor for all the discussion of his domestic affairs. It concerns his screen credits. In the front of this truncated autobiography, 18 novels are listed, along with 16 screenplays. From *The Mask of Dimitrios* and *Journey into Fear* to *Dirty Story* and *The Levanter,* the books form a distinguished line. Most of the films are extremely forgettable, and so are the adaptations of his work. But Ambler remembers them: *"The Mask of Dimitrios* had been made cheaply in standing sets and on the Burbank lot with Warner contract players, and by that time had already been tipped as a 'sleeper' . . . I had not expected to enjoy myself—*Background to Danger* with George Raft had made me very queasy—but I had not expected a screen Dimitrios to give me stomach cramps. They were quite severe." At the close, he imagines an ideal novelist-turned-screenwriter. After he completes his assignment, says Ambler, he has a sense "of anti-climax, a feeling of irritation because his work must now be handed over to others." For him "there is hope. It will not be long before he is back working in a medium in which he can be fully creative." Ambler's account effectively ends after World War II: the next 40 years are barely mentioned. From then on the author spent too many years in Hollywood handing his work over to others. *Here Lies* is a dark and witty title but not perhaps the most apt. That was already taken by Malcolm Muggeridge for *his* autobiography. He called it *Chronicles of Wasted Time.*

—By Stefan Kanfer

Editors' Choice

FICTION

FLASHMAN AND THE DRAGON, *George MacDonald Fraser* • THE GARDEN OF EDEN, *Ernest Hemingway* • THE INHUMAN CONDITION, *Clive Barker* • THE LAST BLOSSOM ON THE PLUM TREE, *Brooke Astor* • MONKEYS, *Susan Minot* • "Q" CLEARANCE, *Peter Benchley*

NONFICTION

AGAINST ALL HOPE, *Armando Valladares* A BOOK OF TRAVELLERS' TALES, *assembled by Eric Newby* • CECIL BEATON, *Hugo Vickers* • HOME, *Witold Rybczynski* KRAZY KAT, *Patrick McDonnell* WARTIME WRITINGS: 1939-1944, *Antoine de Saint-Exupéry*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1 WANDERLUST, *Steel*
2 LAST OF THE BREED, *L'Amour*
3 A MATTER OF HONOR, *Archer*
4 GONE WITH THE WIND, *Mitchell*
5 THE BOURNE SUPREMACY, *Ludlum*
6 I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN, *Krantz*
7 ACT OF WILL, *Bradford*
8 THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT, *Sanders*
9 THE MAMMOTH HUNTERS, *Auel*
10 LAKE WOBEGON DAYS, *Keillor*

NONFICTION

1 FATHERHOOD, *Cosby*
2 FIT FOR LIFE, *Diamond*
3 THE ROTATION DIET, *Katahn*
4 ROCK HUDSON: HIS STORY, *Hudson and Davidson*
5 CALLANETICS, *Pinckney*
6 YOU'RE ONLY OLD ONCE!, *Seuss*
7 THE RICE DIET REPORT, *Moscovitz*
8 JAMES HERRIOT'S DOG STORIES, *Herriot*
9 MEDICAL MAKEOVER, *Giller and Matthews*
10 MODERN PREVENTION: THE NEW MEDICINE, *Rosenfeld*

Computed by TIME from more than 1,000 participating bookstores.

When choosing a copier, it's easy to find yourself zeroed in on a particular brand without really knowing why.

Now, you could give in to this predilection. Or you can expand your thinking to include the name Ricoh.

Comparison will quickly reveal that our copiers are incredibly friendly. With features that make your work easier and your office more efficient, and maybe even get you home on time.

And friendly also describes Ricoh facsimiles. Which is why these days, with so many brands of copiers and facsimiles to choose from, it makes sense to shop around. And when you do, we hope you'll consider Ricoh.

We're easy to find. Just head straight for the light at the end of the tunnel.

FX230 facsimile

(Telephone not included.)

FT5010 with options

THE FRIENDLIEST NAME IN OFFICE AUTOMATION.

RICOH

RICOH COMPANY, LTD. 15-5, Minami-Aoyama 1-chome, Minato-ku, Tokyo 107, Japan
RICOH BUSINESS MACHINES, LTD. 2808 Wing On Centre, 111 Connaught Road, Central, Hong Kong

HONG KONG: Gilman Office Machines 20/F Tai Yao Building, 181 Johnston Road, Wanchai, Hong Kong Tel: 5-8930022
INDONESIA: P.T. Nirwana Wahana Sejahtera Ricoh House, 30 Let. Jend. Suprato, Jakarta Pusat Tel: 413921
SINGAPORE: Wywy Private Ltd. Wywy House, 17 Leng Kee Road, Singapore 0315 Tel: 4722155
MALAYSIA: Wywy (Malaysia) Sdn. Bhd. 10 Jalan 223, 46100 Petaling Jaya, Malaysia Tel: 7570088
TAIWAN, R.O.C.: Yao Fung Co., Ltd. No. 59-61, Chung Hwa Road, Sec. 2, Taipei Tel: 2-381-2170
EOS Systems Corp. 9/F No. 1, Sec. 4, Nanking E. Road, Taipei Tel: 2-713-8877
THAILAND: Fantarect Co., Ltd. 304-8, Mahaesak Road, Silom, Bangkok 10500 Tel: 235-4040

Internationally acknowledged to be the finest cigarette in the world

dunhill

London·Paris·New York

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED TOBACCO HOUSE IN THE WORLD

WORLD COPYRIGHT